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Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: August 3, 2025
Location: T-Mobile Arena — Las Vegas, NV

Preview

Celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the United Toughness Alliance's debut.

Results

Video Package

Segment

The screen is black.

Then... a single drumbeat.

Static flickers. A golden "25" shimmers faintly against darkness, barely illuminated. A voice speaks — smooth, steady, timeless.

Eric Dane Sr. Voiceover: "For twenty-five years... we've fought, fallen, and risen again."

Suddenly — thunderous guitar riffs kick in. The screen explodes into color.

We see a blood-soaked ring. A steel cage collapsing as a wrestler dives from the top. A championship raised beneath confetti. A locker room curtain parting to reveal a first-time debut.

Madman Szalinski Voiceover: "We've crowned kings... built legacies... and shattered them just as fast."

A flurry of flashes: a title belt changing hands, a masked figure removing their hood to stunned gasps, a flash of a crimson-lit arena pulsing with fans on their feet.

Fists meet in slow motion before a tag match. Two bitter rivals nose-to-nose. A veteran limping through the curtain with tears in his eyes. A young upstart's first win.

Sean Jackson Voiceover: "From chaos... came toughness. From toughness... came greatness."

The UTA logo spins into view, morphing through different styles and eras — retro, modern, sharp chrome — before landing on today's silver-and-red design, glowing under spotlights.

More imagery hits in rapid-fire: pyros lighting up an arena, fans screaming in unison, a 30-minute Iron Match timer hitting zero. A woman collapsing to her knees, title clutched to her chest. A chair shot heard around the world. An underdog shocking the world with a three-count.

Marie Van Claudio Voiceover: "This is the house that pain built... and glory paid for in full."

The final moments slow to a crawl — a wide-angle drone shot of a packed stadium, bathed in red light. Then... the WrestleUTA: 25 logo slams into place with a metallic hit.

Everything fades to black...

Then...

JOHN PHILLIPS (V.O.): "Ladies and gentlemen... welcome to WrestleUTA... TWENTY-FIVE."

Introduction

Segment

The thunderous roar of a sold-out T-Mobile Arena shakes the broadcast as the camera swoops over the sea of fans — signs waving, pyro erupting from the stage, and the WrestleUTA: 25 logo emblazoned across the massive LED screen above the ramp.

Red and silver confetti flutters through the air as camera flashes light up the Las Vegas night, the arena bursting with energy.

We pan down to ringside where JOHN PHILLIPS and MARK BRAVO stand behind the broadcast desk, dressed to the nines in tailored suits, headsets in place, each grinning like kids in a candy store.

John Phillips: “LAS VEGAS, NEVADA — WELCOME... TO WRESTLEUTA: TWENTY-FIVE!!!”

Mark Bravo: “I’ve got goosebumps, Johnny! Twenty-five years of blood, sweat, tears, and toughness — and tonight, we celebrate all of it in front of a sold-out T-Mobile Arena!”

John Phillips: “Tonight isn’t just a milestone. It’s a legacy. A quarter-century of the United Toughness Alliance, culminating here, under the bright lights of the Strip, with a card that’s as unpredictable as it is unforgettable.”

The camera cuts to a wide shot of the ring, now bathed in a glow of red and gold. Fans chant “UTA! UTA! UTA!” as the ring announcer waves to the crowd off-mic.

Mark Bravo: “You want big? How about the Ace in the Hole Ladder Match — multiple superstars battling it out for a briefcase that guarantees a shot at the UTA Championship — anytime, anywhere!”

John Phillips: “High risk, high reward — and speaking of high stakes, the UTA Women’s Championship is on the line when Valkyrie Knox defends against the returning icon, Marie Van Claudio. The future meets the First Lady of UTA.”

Mark Bravo: “We’ve also got pure hate on deck — Eric Dane Jr. finally gets his hands on Chris Ross after weeks of blindsides and brutality. It’s not gonna be technical, Johnny. It’s gonna be ugly.”

John Phillips: “And we’d be remiss if we didn’t talk about the controversy — Brick Bronson vs. The Raging Dead, UTA Championship on the line. Dead says he never lost the title... but Bronson’s out to erase every asterisk from his reign.”

Mark Bravo: “We’ve even got ghosts of greatness tonight — The Legends Battle Royal will bring together icons from across UTA’s history. One more chance to shine under the brightest lights of all.”

John Phillips: “But the one that’s got my stomach in knots — the one I can’t stop thinking about — Sean Jackson versus The Spectre... inside the TRIPLE TIER CIRCUS OF FUN.”

Mark Bravo: “Steel, ladders, chaos — that match type should be illegal in five states, and I’m pretty sure Nevada is one of them!”

The camera cuts to the stage as the final pyro barrage thunders overhead. Sparks rain down over the stage as the commentary continues beneath the visuals.

John Phillips: “History will be made tonight. Scores will be settled. And when the curtain falls... the story of WrestleUTA will turn a brand new page.”

Mark Bravo: “Strap in, folks. WrestleUTA: 25 starts RIGHT NOW.”

A Special Advantage

Segment

Backstage — the camera fades into the locker room hallway of the T-Mobile Arena. The hum of the live crowd is distant, muffled behind thick concrete. Inside a private dressing room, JARVIS VALENTINE is tightening the wrist tape

around his right hand. His gear gleams — crisp, custom, ready for war. His eyes are focused, locked on his reflection in the mirror.

The door opens behind him. In steps UTA Chief Operating Officer, RICH WINGATE — suit sharp, expression unreadable. Jarvis doesn't turn, but his eyes flick up to meet Wingate's in the reflection.

Rich Wingate: "You ready, Jarvis?"

Jarvis pulls the tape tight with one final tug, then turns slowly, sizing up the executive with an arched brow.

Jarvis Valentine: "Always."

Wingate steps further into the room, his tone now more official.

Rich Wingate: "Good. Because as the winner of the Rumble at the WrestleZone, you didn't just earn your spot in the Ace in the Hole match... you were promised an advantage."

Jarvis tilts his head slightly, curiosity sparked.

Jarvis Valentine: "I've been wondering about that."

Wingate nods.

Rich Wingate: "Effective immediately — no one, and I mean no one, is allowed to climb a ladder... until you do first. The briefcase stays in the air until Jarvis Valentine makes the first attempt to retrieve it."

Silence hangs in the air for a beat. Jarvis lets the idea sink in. Then a slow, confident smirk spreads across his face.

Jarvis Valentine: "Interesting stipulation..."

He chuckles quietly, shaking his head in amusement, the gears clearly turning in his head.

Jarvis Valentine: "...but a very favorable one."

Wingate offers a simple nod and turns to leave, his work done. As the door shuts behind him, Jarvis goes back to the mirror — the smile gone now, replaced with a look of dangerous intent.

Fade out.

In Attendance

Segment

The screen briefly flickers back to ringside before cutting to a slow pan across the front row, where fans are still on their feet following the emotional end of the main event.

John Phillips: "Take a look at this crowd — the stars have come out in full force tonight!"

The camera zooms in on a pair of familiar faces in the front row. Both rise to their feet, acknowledging the applause from nearby fans.

Mark Bravo: "There they are! The newest inductees into the UTA Hall of Fame — Abdul bin Hussain and Hardcore Sandy! Two absolute icons of their eras. Blood, fire, and chaos in human form — and now enshrined forever!"

John Phillips: "Absolutely, Mark. Abdul's infamous rivalries are the stuff of legend, and Hardcore Sandy? She was an unstoppable force of nature in the hardcore division. Incredible to see them here tonight together, honored as they should be."

The camera cuts again — this time landing on a young man in a designer jacket standing and waving to cheers. His signature smirk is undeniable.

Mark Bravo: "Hey! Look at that — comedian Matt Rife is in the house!"

John Phillips: "Can't tell if he's here for the jokes or the blood, but judging by what we are sure to witness... he's getting both tonight."

Another quick cut — this time to a section of the front row where a man in a tailored charcoal suit stands and waves to the camera, beaming.

Mark Bravo: "Whoa-ho! That's Pedro Pascal!"

John Phillips: "Hollywood royalty in the WrestleUTA audience! You know it's a big night when Mr. Fantastic shows up."

The shot shifts again — this time the camera lifts, panning upward toward a luxury skybox nestled above the crowd. Inside, standing with a drink in hand and his signature smug grin, a sharply dressed figure gazes out over the arena.

Mark Bravo: "And there... there he is. Hall of Famer. Master of Class. Forever polished — Perfection himself."

John Phillips: "Always watching from above, always in style. Perfection wouldn't be caught dead in anything less than a suite with full service. You can bet he's got critiques for everyone after tonight."

Perfection tips his glass toward the camera with a subtle nod before turning his attention back to the arena.

Mark Bravo: "Whether it's legends, celebrities, or the best fans in the world... tonight, the UTA will truly bring them all together."

The buzz in the arena still lingers like electricity in the air.

Backstage

Segment

The camera cuts to the backstage hallway.

The roar of the crowd can be heard echoing faintly in the distance, the thump of entrance music bleeding through concrete walls. Just then—

Eric Dane Sr. steps into frame.

Wearing a sharp black sports coat over a vintage UTA tee, his silver streaked hair combed back, the wrestling icon walks with purpose—but a cool, confident swagger. The fans inside the arena erupt with recognition the moment he appears on the screen.

Phillips: "That's him! That's the Godfather himself—Eric Dane is in the building tonight at the T-Mobile Area!"

Bravo: "You wanna talk about gravity shifting? That's a living legend right there. Business just picked up."

As he rounds a corner, a young crew member stops in awe. Eric pauses, gives him a firm handshake, a slight grin, and a pat on the shoulder.

Then he continues down the hallway, the camera trailing behind him.

The building feels alive in his presence. The crowd chants "DAAAANE! DAAAANE!" loud enough to bleed back into the segment audio.

Phillips: "He's not here for a match... but you can bet he's got his eye on what's about to unfold tonight."

The segment fades out as Eric approaches the end of the corridor, his hands casually in his coat pockets, the echoes of the crowd still ringing behind him.

Ace in the Hole Ladder Match

Match

The lights in the T-Mobile Arena pulse as the camera pans across the crowd, signs waving and fans on their feet.

Suspended above the ring: a polished silver briefcase, hanging ominously. The prize — an Ace in the Hole... a golden ticket to the UTA Championship.

Ladders of every size have been strategically placed around the ringside area — tall, standard, small, some bridged between barricades and ring apron. Others are laid flat like traps, like weapons waiting for war.

The ring itself is pristine — for now. Steel steps glint under the lights, and the announce team speaks over the noise with rising excitement.

John Phillips: “This is it, folks. The Ace in the Hole Ladder Match — six competitors, one briefcase, and a guaranteed shot at the UTA Championship... anytime, anywhere.”

Mark Bravo: “And don’t forget the twist — nobody can climb until Jarvis Valentine makes the first attempt. That’s a mind game waiting to explode, Johnny.”

The arena lights suddenly cut to black.

Fog begins to roll across the stage as a soft, eerie flute melody echoes through the rafters.

Out of the mist... a figure glides.

It’s EL FANTASMA OSCURO.

Silent. Ghostly. His dark mask glimmers faintly as he floats toward the ring, the mist following him like it’s tethered to his soul. He pauses at the base of the ramp... then slides under the bottom rope with eerie precision, his gaze locked upward on the briefcase above.

John Phillips: “You talk about unpredictable — you never know where this man will strike from... or disappear to.”

The flute cuts off — replaced by a thunderclap.

Lightning crashes on the tron. A deep stormcloud rumble fills the arena.

Through the swirling smoke, BRANDON HENDERSON emerges to a chorus of cheers. The Stormborn walks with intensity, clad in his trademark denim vest, muscles coiled, eyes scanning the chaos to come.

He slaps hands with fans, then hits the apron with a leaping bound, stepping into the ring and heading to a corner post — pointing to the briefcase in the air with storm-chasing intent.

Mark Bravo: “Big man, bigger heart. Brandon Henderson doesn’t care how many ladders he gets thrown through — he came here to win.”

With barely a beat, sparks explode across the tron.

MR. JUAN CALDERON bursts through the curtain with a confident strut, grinning like he just wrapped an action scene. A mini-fireball shoots skyward behind him as he throws both arms wide.

Calderon spins, flings his jacket off, and jogs down the ramp, interacting with fans like a red carpet premiere. He slides into the ring, pauses center, and points to the sky, mimicking the motion of a camera boom catching his best angle.

John Phillips: “Everything this man does is a stunt... but make no mistake, Calderon is no joke. He might steal the spotlight and the briefcase.”

Wind machines erupt next — kicking up a cross-breeze of energy across the stage.

AARON SHAFFER dashes onto the scene, his hair flying, eyes wild with momentum. The WrestleZone Champion points to his title slung over his shoulder, then throws it into the air and catches it one-handed without breaking stride.

He hits the ring like a bullet, springboarding in and landing on a single knee — grinning as he pops up and scales a corner for a quick salute to the fans.

Mark Bravo: "The Chicago whirlwind's here — Aaron Shaffer's already treating the ropes like a skate ramp. This dude's crazy enough to leap through a ladder just to land a hit."

Then... the house lights strobe red, white, and blue.

JAXON RYDER storms out to an alt-rock anthem, full of fire and heart. He slaps hands from one side of the ramp to the other, the crowd clearly behind him.

He points toward the briefcase, then beats his chest and throws a salute to the rafters before charging the ring, springboarding up and over the ropes in one motion.

John Phillips: "You won't find anyone more driven or honest in that ring. Jaxon Ryder's got heart for days — and tonight, he might just turn it into history."

The crowd is now buzzing — only one man remains.

Suddenly, the pulsing guitar of "American Flags" by Tom MacDonald kicks in, and the arena goes nuclear.

The stage erupts in red, white, and blue pyro — massive bursts exploding like the Fourth of July.

JARVIS VALENTINE steps out slowly, eyes focused, the WrestleUTA: Orlando Florida State Championship strapped proudly around his waist. His ring gear gleams under the lights — the subtle Q and 17 woven into the fabric visible on close-up camera.

He raises one hand in the shape of a Q, and the crowd roars in response.

Jarvis marches down the ramp with solemn purpose. No wasted motion. No theatrics. He's locked in.

He ascends the steel steps and enters the ring with a slow, deliberate motion — then turns to face the hard cam, nodding once as the briefcase sways slightly above him.

Mark Bravo: "The man with the first climb... the man who controls the pace. Jarvis Valentine has the advantage, and every set of eyes in this arena knows it."

With all six men now in the ring, referees circle the outside, quickly checking the ladders. One referee walks to ringside and signals the timekeeper.

The bell rings.

The Ace in the Hole Ladder Match... is officially underway.

The six competitors circle cautiously beneath the glinting silver briefcase suspended above. Tension crackles like electricity. But no one makes a move toward the ladders... not yet.

John Phillips: "Remember, folks — under tonight's special stipulation, no one can attempt to climb a ladder until Jarvis Valentine does first. This match starts in the trenches."

Mark Bravo: "And that puts all the pressure right on Jarvis. The man controls the tempo whether he wants to or not. I LOVE it."

Jarvis doesn't move. Hands on hips. Calm. Collected. Watching. His body language alone keeps the rest at bay — at least for the moment.

Suddenly, Jaxon Ryder breaks the stalemate, launching himself at Mr. Juan Calderon with a running dropkick that sends the Hollywood daredevil into the turnbuckles!

John Phillips: "Jaxon Ryder exploding out of the gates — that's the kind of energy he's known for!"

On the opposite side, El Fantasma Oscuro charges with a rope-assisted leap and blasts Aaron Shaffer with a tilt-a-whirl headscissors that leaves the WrestleZone Champion stunned.

Mark Bravo: "Oscurо just snapped Shaffer's soul sideways! That man moves like a rumor — blink and he's already gone."

Brandon Henderson steps into the fray, hammering Ryder from behind with a clubbing forearm, then spinning him into a Cumulonimbus Suplex that rattles the ring boards!

John Phillips: "Henderson bringing that linebacker power — he's gonna use his size advantage every chance he gets."

Outside the ring, Calderon recovers and pulls a steel ladder from under the apron. He lifts it like a weapon — not a tool — and slides it into the ring across the canvas.

Mark Bravo: "Calderon's not climbing — he's setting the stage for something blockbuster. You know this guy's got stuntman instincts."

Back inside, Jarvis watches the chaos but remains stationary. Calderon rolls in and reaches for the ladder — only for Jarvis to kick it aside, sending it skidding into the ropes.

John Phillips: "That's a message. Jarvis Valentine reminding everyone: not yet."

Jarvis spins and decks Calderon with a precision forearm. No wasted motion. No theatrics. Just calculated brutality.

Shaffer and Ryder resume their sprint-paced exchange — springboard arm drag by Ryder, followed by a missed enzuigiri, and then Shaffer counters with a Whirlwind DDT that spikes Ryder on the crown!

Mark Bravo: "That's the kind of whipcrack chaos that's going to shorten careers. And we're just getting started!"

El Fantasma Oscuro darts across the apron, grabbing the top rope — he springboards in, twisting mid-air, and crashes down on Brandon Henderson with a picture-perfect Phantom Spiral!

John Phillips: "Phantom Spiral connects! Oscuro is slicing through the ring like a blade!"

Shaffer sees one of the smaller ladders resting in the corner and heads toward it — crowd noise rises — but he stops just short, his arms raised in mock innocence.

Mark Bravo: "Ohoho — he remembered the rule! He can't go up yet! Brilliant moment there — this match has rules even chaos respects!"

On the outside, Brandon Henderson stirs and drags a longer ladder from beside the timekeeper's table. He doesn't aim it for the ring center — instead, he wedges it between the ring apron and barricade like a steel bridge.

John Phillips: "That ladder's not for climbing. That's a crash landing waiting to happen."

Calderon rebounds and grabs a smaller ladder of his own — hurling it like a javelin at Henderson — but the Pittsburgh powerhouse catches it and rushes forward, slamming Calderon into the barricade like a freight train!

Mark Bravo: "That's a punt return with a steel payload! Brandon Henderson using that football DNA to mow Calderon down!"

Meanwhile, Jarvis stands center ring again — one boot resting on the original flat ladder, hand brushing against the top rung. The crowd rises... but he doesn't move.

Instead, he nudges it aside again... and turns his gaze up at the briefcase with a knowing grin.

John Phillips: "Still no climb. Still no attempt. Jarvis Valentine is making them all wait — and suffer — until he's good and ready."

The camera pans up to the suspended briefcase, still untouched, swaying faintly as ladders litter the landscape and bodies stir across the canvas.

Mark Bravo: "This thing's about to boil over. And when Jarvis finally makes the move — all hell's gonna break loose."

The chaos shows no signs of slowing. Ladders rattle. Bodies shift. But the briefcase still hangs untouched — waiting on one man.

Jarvis Valentine.

At center ring, Jarvis ducks under a diving crossbody from Jaxon Ryder and responds with a brutal discus clothesline that flips Ryder inside out! The crowd gasps at the impact.

John Phillips: “Jarvis Valentine just turned Jaxon Ryder inside out with that shot! He’s not just controlling the match — he’s dismantling people piece by piece.”

Outside the ring, Brandon Henderson lifts Juan Calderon onto his shoulders. The ladder Henderson had bridged earlier between the apron and barricade looms ominously.

Calderon kicks his feet, trying to wriggle free, but Henderson tightens his grip and sprints forward—

BOOM!

Calderon is Samoan dropped through the bridged ladder! The wood-and-metal structure shatters beneath them in a sickening crunch, drawing a massive reaction from the crowd!

Mark Bravo: “OH, MAN! CALDERON JUST GOT STUNT-DOUBLED THROUGH THAT LADDER! That wasn’t a spot — that was a demolition!”

Back inside, Shaffer whips Oscurο toward the ropes — Oscurο rebounds, springboards off the second rope, but Shaffer dodges and sends him spinning out of midair with a spinning heel kick!

But from behind — Jarvis grabs Shaffer around the waist and launches him with a deadlift German suplex that spikes the back of his neck!

John Phillips: “Jarvis Valentine still standing tall — still refusing to go up the ladder — but I think everyone’s starting to wonder... what happens if he goes down?”

As if on cue, Brandon Henderson rolls back into the ring, sees Jarvis lining up another strike, and barrels through him with a spear that cuts him clean in half!

Jarvis clutches his ribs and rolls to the outside, stunned.

Henderson doesn’t stop — he slides out after him, grabs a second ladder off the floor and leans it diagonally between the apron and the steel ring steps.

Mark Bravo: “Oh no... I’ve seen this before. This is how you make a headline — or a hospital trip.”

Henderson pulls Jarvis to his feet — but Jarvis fights back! A forearm! A second! But Brandon knees him in the gut and hoists him up—

The crowd rises.

He runs forward—

AND POWERBOMBS JARVIS VALENTINE THROUGH THE LADDER!

Wood splinters. Steel bends. Jarvis crashes through the setup like a crash-test dummy, motionless beneath the wreckage.

John Phillips: “JESUS! JARVIS JUST GOT POWERBOMBED THROUGH A LADDER! HENDERSON MAY HAVE JUST TAKEN HIM OUT OF THIS MATCH!”

Mark Bravo: “And if he’s down... if he can’t get back up... NO ONE can climb! That briefcase might be in limbo!”

Medics cautiously appear near the barricade, hesitating as Henderson backs off, arms raised like a man who just proved a point. Jarvis doesn't move. The crowd is in awe.

In the ring, Ryder, Shaffer, Oscurο, and Calderon slowly rise and glance toward the carnage outside.

They all freeze. Four men. Four ladders. No Jarvis.

John Phillips: "This match is chaos incarnate, but without Jarvis Valentine... nobody can make a move for the win."

Mark Bravo: "I don't think UTA ever imagined the Ace in the Hole could be sealed shut because one guy got folded like a lawn chair!"

The camera pans slowly over Jarvis's motionless body amidst the debris... then back to the untouched briefcase swinging softly above the ring.

The war rages on — but the path to victory is blocked.

With Jarvis Valentine still buried in wreckage on the outside, the other five competitors slowly realize something crucial — the match isn't over, but the path to victory is still blocked.

Inside the ring, Jaxon Ryder makes the first move, springboarding from the apron and catching Juan Calderon with a high-velocity flying forearm! Both crash to the canvas as the crowd rallies behind them.

John Phillips: "Ryder's running on instinct now. No briefcase, no climb — but this match doesn't stop just because Jarvis is down."

Aaron Shaffer charges next, hitting the ropes and diving outside with a tope con hilo that wipes out El Fantasma Oscurο near the barricade!

Mark Bravo: "These guys are STILL launching themselves like missiles! It's a human highlight reel with no reward in reach!"

Back in the ring, Brandon Henderson lifts a ladder and heaves it across the ring — narrowly missing Ryder, who ducks and counters with a superkick to the chin that staggers the big man!

Ryder grabs a second ladder, but not to climb — instead, he props it horizontally in the corner. He turns to grab Henderson — but Calderon intercepts!

Calderon slingshots off the ropes and spins into a Flashpoint DDT on Ryder, bouncing his skull off the canvas to a huge gasp from the crowd!

John Phillips: "That was vicious! Calderon is pulling out all the stops tonight — that movie magic just got real violent!"

Outside the ring, Oscurο stalks Shaffer, who's barely pulling himself up by the barricade. Fantasma leaps up — rope walk hurricanrana! But Shaffer catches him in midair and spins him through with a devastating sit-out powerbomb onto the floor!

Mark Bravo: "GOOD LORD. Did you SEE that counter?! Shaffer just folded the ghost like a map!"

Back in the ring, Brandon Henderson recovers and bulldozes Calderon into the corner, driving shoulder after shoulder into his gut. He grabs the ladder propped earlier and whips it across the ring like a discus — it ricochets off the ropes and clips Jaxon Ryder in the legs!

John Phillips: "This ring is a death trap! Ladders are flying, bodies are broken — and still, that briefcase stays untouched."

The camera cuts to the outside — Jarvis Valentine still lies amid twisted metal. EMTs hover nearby but haven't interfered yet. The referee waves them back. He's not done. Not yet.

Then... a flicker.

A twitch of his hand.

Jarvis Valentine starts to move.

The crowd notices first — a ripple of sound rising through the T-Mobile Arena like a tidal wave.

Mark Bravo: "Wait a second— is he... IS HE MOVING?!?"

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine... is stirring."

The camera zooms in on Jarvis's bloodied face as he claws toward the barricade, shards of ladder still lying across his legs. He coughs, groans, and pulls himself up inch by inch.

Back in the ring, every competitor has frozen. All eyes lock on Jarvis.

Mark Bravo: "We might be seconds away from absolute hell breaking loose."

For the first time since the carnage... the threat of a ladder climb becomes real.

Jarvis Valentine clutches the barricade like a lifeline, dragging himself to one knee. His chest heaves. His face is twisted in pain — and defiance.

John Phillips: "Somehow... some way... Jarvis Valentine is pulling himself back together after being powerbombed through steel and wood! You can't teach that kind of toughness."

Mark Bravo: "This man's spine might look like a pretzel right now and he's STILL getting up. I'd be demanding my severance package."

Inside the ring, the chaos has momentarily slowed. Jaxon Ryder is in the far corner, catching his breath, eyes flicking between the ladders and Jarvis. Shaffer wipes blood from his mouth and leans on the ropes, watching the scene unfold.

Brandon Henderson paces like a caged animal, nodding to himself as if daring Jarvis to get back in and try.

John Phillips: "Every one of these competitors knows the rule — nobody climbs until Jarvis Valentine tries first. And after what he's been through... they didn't think they'd have to wait this long."

Mark Bravo: "The match has been a war zone — but without a general. Now the guy who wrote the playbook is crawling back onto the battlefield."

El Fantasma Oscuro, still reeling from the earlier powerbomb on the outside, suddenly bursts to life. He runs, vaults onto the apron, and springs into a twisting moonsault — landing square on Shaffer and Calderon with pinpoint precision!

Mark Bravo: "Oscuro just turned himself into a ghostly cruise missile!"

Back inside the ring, Jaxon Ryder and Brandon Henderson square off in the center — fists flying. Ryder ducks a clothesline, bounces off the ropes, and hits a springboard forearm that staggers the big man.

He hits the ropes again — but this time, Henderson catches him and hurls him with a thunderous Tempest Powerbomb into an open ladder lying across the mat! The crowd gasps as metal bends beneath Ryder's body.

John Phillips: "That's it! Jaxon Ryder just got folded in half! Henderson might not be able to climb yet, but he's sending a message — 'I'll destroy all of you before we get to that point.'"

On the floor, Jarvis Valentine grits his teeth and claws across the ringside mat. He drags one knee forward... then another... and finally reaches the ring apron.

Mark Bravo: "Can you believe this crowd right now?! Jarvis is ALIVE and trying to get back in! How?! Just—how?!"

Jarvis pulls himself to his feet, blood streaking down his side. The camera gets close as he grabs the middle rope... and slowly, painfully, he slides under the bottom rope and back into the ring.

The crowd erupts like thunder.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine... is BACK in the ring! And for the first time all match... that briefcase might actually be in danger."

Jarvis pushes himself to one knee, staring up at the silver briefcase swaying gently above him.

The other competitors freeze — and the fuse is lit.

Inside the ring, Jarvis Valentine is still on one knee — bruised, battered, but back. The crowd rises again, buzzing with anticipation as he looks up at the briefcase for the first time since being powerbombed through a ladder.

John Phillips: "Here it comes! Jarvis is back on his feet and that briefcase is finally within reach!"

Brandon Henderson is still catching his breath near the corner, but Mr. Juan Calderon rolls into the ring, groggy but grinning, clearly amused by the moment.

He pauses, then theatrically points up at the briefcase — then to Jarvis — and finally to a ladder lying flat nearby.

Mark Bravo: "Ohhh, no way. Calderon's gonna—he's seriously gonna help him!?"

Calderon shrugs dramatically and drags the ladder to center ring. He lifts it upright, methodically extends the legs, and checks the stability like a seasoned roadie.

He steps back, wipes imaginary sweat from his brow, and gestures to it like a proud maître d' presenting a special dessert.

John Phillips: "I've seen some strange partnerships in ladder matches, but this might take the cake."

Mark Bravo: "This is straight outta the Calderon Cinematic Universe, Johnny. 'Ladders & Loyalty, Part VII.'"

Jarvis tilts his head slightly, expression unreadable. Calderon gives him a thumbs up, then gestures again: "Be my guest."

The crowd is at a fever pitch now. Jarvis steps forward — slowly — and places one hand on the ladder.

Then the other.

He looks up.

He looks out — scanning the crowd, soaking in the moment, eyes narrowing like a man about to pull the trigger.

Then...

He turns — and LEVELS Calderon with a lariat out of nowhere!

The crowd erupts as Calderon flips over backward, landing in a heap!

John Phillips: "He FAKED IT! Jarvis Valentine never intended to climb! He suckered Calderon in and dropped him like a bad habit!"

Mark Bravo: "That's veteran instincts right there! You don't climb unless you're ready — and Jarvis knows he's NOT at one hundred percent."

Jarvis leans on the ladder briefly, exhaling hard, every movement laced with pain. He doesn't even look down at Calderon — just eyes the nearest threats outside the ring.

John Phillips: "He's been through hell tonight. That powerbomb through the ladder might've cracked ribs. He knows if he climbs now, the others will swarm him. He's trying to level the playing field first."

Outside the ring, Shaffer and Ryder start to stir again. Oscuro perches on the apron, eyes burning from behind his mask. Henderson slaps the apron in frustration, realizing the window might be closing fast.

The ladder is standing. The briefcase sways just above it. But no one has gone up... yet.

Steel clatters. Fans scream. The canvas is littered with ladders and broken bodies. And still, the briefcase above the ring hangs untouched — as if daring someone to try.

John Phillips: "This isn't a match anymore... it's survival. And I'm not sure how much more this ring can take."

Aaron Shaffer staggers to his feet outside the ring, dazed but still moving. El Fantasma Oscuro suddenly appears behind him like a shadow — leaping onto the barricade and launching into a corkscrew plancha that wipes both men out into the front row!

Mark Bravo: "GOOD NIGHT! Fantasma just risked his career and someone's nachos to take Shaffer off the board!"

John Phillips: "There are no safe zones left! Every square inch of this arena is a hazard zone!"

Jaxon Ryder and Brandon Henderson are slugging it out near the timekeeper's area — big shots, no defense. Henderson lifts Ryder in desperation... but Ryder lands on his feet, sprints forward — and Spears him THROUGH the barricade wall with a ladder across his shoulder!

The barricade explodes in a blast of steel and human carnage. Fans jump back as officials rush in.

John Phillips: "Ryder just sacrificed his spine to erase Henderson from the equation! That wall is DESTROYED!"

Mark Bravo: "We've got debris in the front row, camera cables down, and probably three lawsuits brewing!"

On the far side of the ring, Mr. Juan Calderon tries to pull himself up using the announce desk... only for El Fantasma Oscuro — who somehow recovered — to vault from the barricade and hit a somersault cutter on the floor!

Mark Bravo: "Oscuro again! How is he doing this?! That dude is made of smoke and nightmares!"

Calderon collapses in a heap. Oscuro vanishes again into the chaos. Shaffer is buried under chairs. Ryder and Henderson are down in a crater of twisted metal. The ring is empty.

And that's when the camera finds him—

Jarvis Valentine... stirring again.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine — alone in the ring — and every threat around him is down. This might be his only shot."

The crowd rises in unison, stomping and clapping, urging him on. Jarvis steadies himself, one hand on the ropes, then turns to face the ladder still standing dead center beneath the briefcase.

Mark Bravo: "Look at his eyes, Johnny. He knows what this means. All night, they waited for this... and now he's gonna do it."

Jarvis steps forward slowly — ribs clearly aching, every motion labored — and grabs the ladder with both hands. He pulls it tight, making sure it's still centered.

He looks up. The briefcase gleams under the lights.

John Phillips: "The Ace in the Hole — untouched since the bell rang. And now it's finally within reach."

Jarvis places one boot on the first rung.

The arena pops.

He steps to the second. Then the third.

Mark Bravo: "He's climbing! Jarvis Valentine is CLIMBING!"

For the first time tonight... the rules no longer matter. The window is open.

Jarvis Valentine... is reaching for destiny.

Jarvis Valentine ascends the ladder one slow rung at a time, ribs aching, every motion screaming in protest. His fingers tremble as they reach toward the gleaming silver briefcase swaying just above his head.

John Phillips: "He's almost there! Jarvis Valentine... from powerbombed through a ladder to inches away from the Ace in the Hole!"

Mark Bravo: "You can hear this crowd losing their MINDS, Johnny! This could be it—he's gonna do it!"

Jarvis steadies himself on the fifth rung, then the sixth. He looks up — one arm stretching toward the clasp—

But then—

From the shadows of the ringside chaos... a flash of motion.

El Fantasma Oscuro slithers under the bottom rope like a specter summoned back from the dead. He's battered, sure — but not broken. Of all the bodies littered across ringside, his is the first to rise.

John Phillips: "Wait a second—FANTASMA! Fantasma Oscuro is back on his feet and in the ring!"

Jarvis hears the crowd shift in tone — just a second too late.

Oscuro grabs the base of the ladder, wraps both arms around it...

...and SHOVES.

The ladder wobbles violently. Jarvis grabs the top handle for balance as it tips one way... then the other... before Oscuro centers it just enough to stop the full fall.

Mark Bravo: "He didn't tip it — he just shook it! Mind games! That was a warning shot!"

Jarvis growls through gritted teeth and kicks downward — but Oscuro grabs his leg mid-kick and yanks it, forcing Jarvis to abandon his climb and drop down the last few rungs in defense.

John Phillips: "He had to abort! Jarvis Valentine HAD the briefcase in reach and now he's back on the mat — and now... now it's back to WAR!"

Jarvis swings wildly — Oscuro ducks and spins behind, attempting a surprise back elbow — Jarvis blocks it and fires back with a stiff forearm that sends the ghostly striker stumbling backward into the ropes!

But Fantasma rebounds like mist on the wind — springboarding off the second rope with a Black Veil running knee that catches Jarvis flush in the jaw!

Mark Bravo: "BLACK VEIL OUTTA NOWHERE! Fantasma just erased Jarvis off that ladder like he was never there!"

Jarvis crumbles to one knee. Oscuro charges again — only for Jarvis to spring up and level him with a desperation discus clothesline!

Both men hit the mat.

The ladder stands. The briefcase waits.

John Phillips: "This match is hanging by a thread! Valentine came closer than anyone — but Fantasma Oscuro just

shattered the moment!"

Mark Bravo: "And now we're right back in the storm. Someone's gonna climb out of this wreckage with the future in their hands — but not yet, Johnny. Not yet."

With the first climb finally attempted, the stipulation is dead — and the real danger begins.

El Fantasma Oscuro rolls to the apron, clutching his ribs. Jarvis Valentine remains sprawled near the ladder, chest rising and falling with labored breath.

John Phillips: "And now — NOW — the race truly begins. No more restrictions. No more waiting. The briefcase is open season."

Mark Bravo: "The moment Jarvis touched that ladder, he turned the key, Johnny. And now the door to mayhem has swung wide open."

On the outside, Aaron Shaffer pulls himself up using the crowd barrier. His eyes lock onto the ladder in the center of the ring, still perfectly upright, still untouched since the scramble with Oscuro.

Shaffer throws himself onto the apron, springboards into the ring, and with a burst of adrenaline, starts to climb!

John Phillips: "Shaffer is ascending! He's hurt, he's groggy, but he's going for it!"

One rung, then two... then three—

Jaxon Ryder launches into the ring, slides under the ladder, and leaps up the opposite side!

Mark Bravo: "OH BABY! We've got a two-lane traffic jam on that ladder!"

Shaffer throws a forearm across the top. Ryder fires back. The ladder wobbles as both men teeter — one hand on the briefcase, one hand trying to hold balance!

Suddenly, from outside the ring — Brandon Henderson returns.

The big man grabs the base of the ladder and SHOVES — the whole structure tips sideways, sending both Shaffer and Ryder crashing into the top rope and flopping to the mat like rag dolls!

John Phillips: "OH GOD! Henderson just cleared that ladder like a bowling ball! Everyone's flying like pins!"

Shaffer rolls to the floor. Ryder clutches his back. Henderson sets the ladder back upright himself, but before he can climb—

Mr. Juan Calderon reemerges with a second ladder and SLAMS it across Henderson's back like a steel guillotine!

Mark Bravo: "Where did Calderon even FIND that ladder?! Is there a prop department under the ring just feeding him weapons?!"

Calderon tosses the new ladder into the ring and climbs his way up — but not toward the briefcase. No — he props it across the top rope in the corner like a platform.

He turns, grinning. The crowd buzzes, not sure what's coming next.

John Phillips: "Wait... what is Calderon doing now? That ladder's not for climbing — it's for flying!"

As Henderson rises again, Calderon runs, bounces off the standing ladder in the center, launches onto the one he just placed — and springboards off it with a diving crossbody that CRUSHES Henderson to the canvas!

Mark Bravo: "The man thinks he's in Mission: IMPOSSIBLE and we're just along for the ride!"

The crowd roars. Calderon rolls off Henderson, stunned but still breathing. The standing ladder has shifted slightly from the bounce but remains vertical.

On the other side of the ring, El Fantasma Oscuro slithers in and climbs like a serpent — fast and fluid, almost unnoticed.

He gets one hand on the briefcase clasp.

John Phillips: “Oscuro’s got his fingertips on the briefcase! Can he—?!”

Jarvis Valentine yanks him down by the ankle! Oscuro lands hard on the mat — only for Jarvis to mount him and fire off lefts and rights in a fury of frustration!

Mark Bravo: “Jarvis Valentine dragging the phantom back to earth! That was about to be the steal of the night!”

The ladder is knocked over again in the struggle — clattering to the mat in a loud metallic crash. The briefcase swings above an empty ring.

John Phillips: “Another climb... another denial. Everyone wants it. No one’s claimed it.”

Mark Bravo: “That briefcase has trust issues now, Johnny. It doesn’t believe anyone can actually take it down.”

The field is down again — scattered bodies twitching, ladders bent, briefcase swaying... but still hanging high.

The war continues.

The briefcase continues to sway above the ring, mocking every competitor who’s touched it but failed to claim it. Around the ring, bodies stir — battered, but not beaten. Yet.

Brandon Henderson rolls under the bottom rope, wincing in pain, and scans the ringside area. He spots a ladder — bent in the middle, practically unusable. He tosses it aside.

Instead, he crouches and reaches under the ring skirt... searching.

John Phillips: “Henderson looking for something beneath the ring — maybe a fresh ladder... maybe a miracle.”

His hands find something. He pulls it out—

It’s... a step stool.

The crowd bursts into laughter as Henderson holds up a tiny silver ladder — three rungs tall at most, maybe suitable for changing a lightbulb... definitely not for grabbing a briefcase 15 feet in the air.

Mark Bravo: “Oh, come ON! Is that a toddler’s craft ladder?! Who brought that — the janitor?!”

Henderson pauses, stares at the comically small ladder... and then, with complete sincerity, drags it into the ring.

John Phillips: “He’s not actually going to climb that. Is he...?”

He places it dead center under the briefcase, steps onto the top rung, and reaches up... barely clearing the middle rope, let alone the prize above.

The crowd is in stitches as he pantomimes reaching for the briefcase, then looks up in confusion as if someone moved it.

Mark Bravo: “You’re six-foot-two and that ladder is three feet tall! It’s not gonna happen, big man!”

Suddenly — El Fantasma Oscuro slides in behind him and boots the tiny ladder out from under him. Henderson lands flat on his back with a loud thud!

Oscuro then picks up the miniature ladder — turns it sideways — and jabs the edge into Henderson’s ribs like a steel dagger.

John Phillips: “Well, it may not be good for climbing... but it’s excellent for stabbing, apparently!”

Oscuro spins it like a weapon and tosses it across the ring, where it clunks off the corner post and falls pitifully onto the floor below.

Mark Bravo: "That poor ladder just wanted to help. And now it's dead."

From the apron, Jaxon Ryder springboards in and hits Oscuro with a flying neckbreaker! The masked man crumbles to the mat. Ryder scrambles to his feet and grabs a standard ladder — one that can actually reach the briefcase — and sets it up in the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Ryder's got the real deal! He's making the climb!"

He climbs one rung. Two. Three. The crowd builds with each motion. But from behind, Juan Calderon reenters with a steel chair and SMACKS it across Ryder's back!

Ryder screams in pain and drops to the mat. Calderon laughs, tosses the chair aside... and starts climbing himself.

Mark Bravo: "And now Calderon's climbing! You just gotta survive the climb long enough to reach that case — but nobody's gotten past halfway tonight!"

Before Calderon can touch the top rung, Aaron Shaffer springboards into the ring, grabs the ladder — and TIPS IT FORWARD!

Calderon tumbles forward off the top — and lands in a somersault crash onto Oscuro!

John Phillips: "It's a human domino effect! Calderon just became a projectile!"

Shaffer resets the ladder... begins to climb... and gets cut off by a now-recovered Jarvis Valentine, who grabs him by the leg and yanks him violently back to earth!

Mark Bravo: "Jarvis Valentine again playing gatekeeper — no one's making it out of this ring with that briefcase without going through him first!"

Jarvis drives Shaffer into the corner and hits a running clothesline that crumples him. He turns to reset the ladder...

But Jaxon Ryder returns with a springboard dropkick that sends both Jarvis and the ladder crashing down again!

John Phillips: "Every time it looks like someone's got a path... it disappears beneath them!"

The briefcase swings again — waiting, taunting — as the bodies keep piling up below.

The ladder lies flat again — just another casualty in a war that has claimed every rung, every rope, every ounce of breath. But the energy in the T-Mobile Arena is shifting. The match is reaching its boiling point.

John Phillips: "We've gone through steel, sweat, and splinters — and now it looks like we're heading toward the final chapter of this war."

Aaron Shaffer pushes himself to his feet, leaning in the corner and wiping blood from his brow. Across the ring, Jarvis Valentine does the same — breathing heavily, ribs still wrapped in agony, but eyes full of fire.

They lock eyes — and nod.

Mark Bravo: "Wait... are they—are they teaming up?! Just like that?!"

John Phillips: "It's not an alliance, Mark — it's survival. You clear the field before you make the climb."

El Fantasma Oscuro charges first — springboarding from the apron — but Shaffer catches him mid-air and PLANTS him with a Twister Slam that shakes the mat!

Mark Bravo: "Shaffer just grounded the ghost! That's one less blur in this match!"

Juan Calderon stumbles toward Jarvis, clearly dazed — and gets caught with a spinning sidewalk slam that leaves him

flat and breathless.

Jarvis pops up, clutching his ribs, but nods at the fallen Calderon with grim satisfaction.

John Phillips: "Valentine dropping bodies like bylines — that one might be headline-worthy."

From the far side, Brandon Henderson roars and lunges — but both Shaffer and Jarvis meet him with stereo strikes, backing him into the ropes.

Jarvis kicks him low — Shaffer whips him — and together they hit a devastating double clothesline that sends Henderson over the top rope and to the floor with a thunderous crash!

Mark Bravo: "That man just got double-deleted! Henderson might be out cold on the floor!"

Jaxon Ryder pulls himself up one last time, trying to sneak behind Shaffer — but Jarvis intercepts with a brutal running knee to the gut. Shaffer follows up with a whirlwind DDT that spikes Ryder on his head!

Jarvis wastes no time — he grabs Ryder and tosses him unceremoniously to the floor. What was once a battlefield is now a clearing.

John Phillips: "And just like that... it's down to two."

Shaffer and Valentine stand across from each other, the rest of the field strewn around ringside. Every breath they take is a struggle. Every movement is earned. And between them — the ladder.

They both look down at it. Then up at the briefcase.

Then back at each other.

Mark Bravo: "You could cut the tension with a broken rung, Johnny. This is it. One climb. One winner."

The crowd is on its feet, roaring. Shaffer bends down and grabs the ladder. Jarvis moves to the opposite side. Together — without speaking — they set it up dead center one last time.

John Phillips: "Here we go..."

The Ace in the Hole... is finally within reach.

Jarvis Valentine and Aaron Shaffer stand on opposite sides of the ladder, hands resting on the rungs. The others are down. The crowd is deafening.

John Phillips: "Two champions. Two dreams. One briefcase."

Mark Bravo: "We started with six. But this is the collision we didn't know we needed. Orlando's best — fighting for the world."

They both begin to climb — slowly at first, every movement a struggle. Jarvis favors his ribs with every pull. Shaffer's back buckles with each step. But still... they rise.

Rung by rung.

The crowd builds with them, chants rolling from every corner of the arena: "LET'S GO JAR-VIS!" "SHAF-FER! SHAF-FER!"

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd — they know what this means. They've both bled for Orlando, but the UTA Championship... that's the summit."

They reach the top — nearly equal height now. The briefcase sways just inches from both of them.

Jarvis reaches up — Shaffer fires a right hand.

Jarvis absorbs it and throws one back.

Another shot from Shaffer! Another from Jarvis!

Mark Bravo: "They're throwing bombs on the top of a steel ladder! Somebody's gonna fall — but who?!"

Both men grab the sides of the ladder to stabilize themselves, legs trembling, eyes locked in fury.

Shaffer hits a forearm — Jarvis responds with a headbutt! Shaffer reels, but holds on — then rakes the back of Jarvis with his boot and fires a knee into his shoulder!

John Phillips: "They're not just fighting for the case, they're fighting for identity — for destiny!"

Jarvis answers with a short jab, then a palm strike to the face — Shaffer sways — nearly losing his balance — but he catches the top rung again!

The briefcase dangles between them. Both men reach up — their fingers brush the latch — then they slap each other's arms down at the same time!

Mark Bravo: "It's like watching two tigers fight over a crown!"

Jarvis grabs Shaffer by the collar and BASHES his forehead into the steel hinge at the top of the ladder! The crowd groans with the impact! But Shaffer comes right back with a forearm to the neck — then another! And another!

The ladder wobbles slightly. Neither man blinks. The tension is nuclear.

John Phillips: "Something's got to give, Mark! And it's gonna happen at the top of the world!"

The camera zooms in — both men bleeding, gasping, hanging on. The briefcase sways... taunting them still.

And the war for the Ace in the Hole continues.

Jarvis Valentine and Aaron Shaffer continue trading fists at the top of the ladder — two champions, one prize, and no margin for error.

The briefcase sways above them, silver and untouchable, as sweat and blood drip from both men's faces.

John Phillips: "This is it — this is the war at the summit! Valentine and Shaffer are beating the breath out of each other!"

Mark Bravo: "And still nobody's blinked! It's like two statues made of pain and adrenaline!"

Suddenly — motion below.

From the floor, El Fantasma Oscuro pulls himself onto the apron, limping, holding his side. Inside the ring, Jaxon Ryder stirs, crawling across the canvas with sheer willpower.

John Phillips: "They're not done! The others are coming back — this match isn't over yet!"

Oscuro slides in and leaps onto the ladder behind Shaffer, climbing rapidly. Ryder grabs the other side and scrambles upward behind Jarvis!

Mark Bravo: "It's turning into a four-lane scramble! We've got a two-on-two tug-of-war at the top of this ladder!"

Jarvis and Shaffer glance downward, barely able to react before their sides are overtaken. Oscuro reaches Shaffer's shoulder — Ryder is nearly at Jarvis's feet.

Jarvis snarls and fires a backward kick into Ryder's chest — once, twice — and Ryder tumbles two rungs down!

Shaffer throws a wild elbow back, connecting with Oscuro's jaw — and follows with a mule kick that sends Oscuro crashing down to the mat!

John Phillips: “Kicked off like invaders scaling the tower! Valentine and Shaffer just fought off an ambush mid-air!”

Ryder climbs again, desperate — but Jarvis stomps down with pinpoint force, crushing Ryder’s fingers between the rungs!

Ryder cries out and drops, landing hard on his back!

Shaffer reaches for the briefcase — but Oscuro grabs his boot one last time!

Another stiff stomp from Shaffer sends the ghost crashing away, clutching his ribs!

Mark Bravo: “They’re swatting them away like flies — there’s too much at stake to let anyone else in now!”

And just like that...

They're alone again.

Jarvis. Shaffer. Two champions. Two hands back on the ladder. One briefcase still dangling above.

John Phillips: “Back where we were — but everything’s different now. The field’s cleared again. This climb is for everything.”

Jarvis Valentine and Aaron Shaffer are back where they began — perched high atop the ladder, fingers brushing the briefcase, hearts pounding like war drums.

The crowd is on their feet, a living sea of noise and anticipation. Every breath could be the last before glory.

John Phillips: “This is it! The very top! There’s nowhere else to go — one of them is seconds from changing their destiny forever!”

Shaffer grits his teeth and slams a forearm into Jarvis’s temple. Jarvis reels — but stays upright.

Another shot. Then another.

Mark Bravo: “Shaffer’s got the momentum! He’s hammering Jarvis down rung by rung with those shots!”

Jarvis sways. His right leg slips down one rung. The crowd gasps.

Shaffer sees it — and with one final surge, he grabs Jarvis by the head, trying to pull him down off the ladder completely!

John Phillips: “This could be it — Jarvis is barely hanging on! Shaffer’s about to take him out of the equation!”

But just as Shaffer yanks — Jarvis plants his foot firmly, twists his body — and SLAMS a vicious elbow into Shaffer’s jaw!

Shaffer wobbles!

Jarvis follows with a headbutt — blood smears across both men’s faces. Another elbow — and now a palm strike under the chin!

Mark Bravo: “Jarvis is ALIVE! Where’s he getting this from?! He looked DONE just moments ago!”

Shaffer fires one last desperate shot — but Jarvis ducks it!

In one fluid, desperate motion — Jarvis Valentine hooks Aaron Shaffer by the waist and heaves him OFF THE LADDER with a twisting toss!

Shaffer crashes from the top — spinning violently in mid-air before SLAMMING into the mat with a brutal thud that echoes through the arena!

John Phillips: “GOOD GOD! SHAFFER’S BEEN LAUNCHED OFF THE LADDER! HE’S OUT! HE’S DONE!”

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't just a fall — that was a freefall from the heavens! Shaffer might not move for a WEEK!"

Jarvis, now alone at the top, clings to the ladder like it's the only thing keeping him alive. His chest heaves. His eyes lock upward — to the briefcase.

The crowd rises higher. The moment is here.

Jarvis Valentine steadies himself at the summit of the ladder, alone — finally — with the Ace in the Hole briefcase swinging above him like a gift from the gods.

His right hand lifts slowly, trembling from pain and exhaustion. Blood drips from his brow. His chest heaves with each breath.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine has nothing left. Nothing but this moment."

He stretches... his fingertips graze the briefcase. The crowd roars.

He reaches higher — pushing through the agony in his ribs, the fire in his legs, the war in his heart.

He grabs it.

Mark Bravo: "He's got it! HE'S GOT IT!"

The hook resists — just for a second — and then... it clicks.

Jarvis unlatches the briefcase.

And the bell rings.

The crowd erupts into a wall of thunder. Red, white, and blue pyros explode from the stage. Fans leap to their feet. The entire arena shakes with noise.

John Phillips: "HE'S DONE IT! JARVIS VALENTINE IS THE 2025 ACE IN THE HOLE WINNER!"

Mark Bravo: "From the edge of destruction... to the top of the damn ladder! Valentine has a golden ticket to the UTA Championship — ANYTIME he wants it!"

Jarvis slumps onto the top rung, hugging the briefcase to his chest as emotion washes over his face. There's no celebration — just exhaustion, vindication, and awe.

Below him, the battlefield is silent. Bodies are strewn. The war is over. And Jarvis Valentine... stands above it all.

John Phillips: "The journalist turned champion. The man who couldn't be broken. He didn't just survive — he seized fate by the throat."

Jarvis raises the briefcase high with one arm — and the image is seared into the history of WrestleUTA.

The 2025 Ace in the Hole... has been claimed.

Words of a Mother

Segment

The camera fades into the backstage interview area, lit in gold and crimson tones for the 25th Anniversary. A branded WrestleUTA: 25 backdrop hangs behind MELISSA CARTWRIGHT, who stands poised with microphone in hand.

Next to her, dressed in a sleek, form-fitting black and gold ensemble with subtle red accents, stands the one and only MARIE VAN CLAUDIO — confident, composed, and timeless.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am here with a woman who helped shape the very fabric of the UTA Women's Division. Please welcome... the First Lady of the United Toughness Alliance — Marie Van Claudio."

The crowd in the arena cheers as Marie gives a calm smile, adjusting her cuffs and nodding respectfully.

Melissa Cartwright: “Marie, tonight you return to the ring for the first time in years — not just for any match, but with the UTA Women’s Championship on the line against the reigning champion, Valkyrie Knox. After everything you’ve been through, after stepping away to raise a family, what is your mindset going into tonight’s showdown?”

Marie exhales slowly, then raises the mic to her lips, her voice calm but firm.

Marie Van Claudio: “Melissa... I’ve been called a lot of things in my career — diva, veteran, egotistical... pioneer. But tonight? Tonight, I’m something else entirely.”

She looks directly into the camera now, eyes unwavering.

Marie Van Claudio: “I’m a mother. I’ve got two beautiful daughters watching this at home. And while I’ve been away from this ring, I haven’t forgotten what it means to walk through that curtain. I haven’t forgotten what it means to wear gold around your waist. And I damn sure haven’t forgotten what it means to be the queen of the UTA.”

She adjusts her wrist tape slowly, almost methodically.

Marie Van Claudio: “Valkyrie Knox is talented. She’s intense. She’s dangerous. She earned that championship at One Last Stop, and I respect what she’s done since stepping into the spotlight.”

Marie pauses — then leans in slightly, her tone sharpened.

Marie Van Claudio: “But this isn’t her time. Not yet.”

Melissa Cartwright: “Strong words—”

Marie Van Claudio: “I’ve stood at the top. I’ve built this division when no one else believed it could matter. I made history when it was just an afterthought. So no, I didn’t come back for nostalgia. I didn’t come back to wave at the crowd and relive old memories.”

Marie lifts her chin proudly.

Marie Van Claudio: “I came back... to reclaim what’s mine.”

The crowd in the arena watching on the big screen reacts with loud cheers and a few gasps of anticipation.

Melissa Cartwright: “Thank you, Marie. Best of luck tonight.”

Marie gives a final nod — calm, unwavering — before walking off camera with regal grace.

The camera lingers on Melissa for a beat as the buzz in the arena builds.

Series 3

Segment

The screen fades to black — then BOOM! A wall of pyros explode across the screen in toyetic glory as retro ‘80s-style music kicks in.

Bold metallic letters slam into frame:

NOW INTRODUCING...

UTA ACTION FIGURES — SERIES THREE!

The camera swoops across a toy ring surrounded by six-inch-tall UTA superstars, posed in battle-ready stances.

Quick flashes showcase the new lineup —

“JARVIS VALENTINE” with removable Florida State Championship and exclusive “Q Drop” slam action!

“VALKYRIE KNOX” with full warrior entrance cloak, Women’s Championship accessory, and dynamic knee-strike pose!

“AARON SHAFFER” with skateboard base, spring-loaded moonsault platform, and whirlwind kick articulation!

“THE RAGING DEAD” returns from the underworld with detachable mask, glow-in-the-dark eyes, and poseable resurrection stance!

“MARIE VAN CLAUDIO” in her legacy gear — includes signature cape, microphone accessory, and “Veilbreaker” pose!

Plus fan-favorite variants:

? “Hardcore Edition” Sean Jackson (with blood-splattered tights and barbed wire chair!)

? “Spectral Gear” El Fantasma Oscuro with translucent limbs and mist FX base!

Commercial Voiceover: “Relive the action! Rewrite the rivalries! Or create your own dream matches with the latest generation of UTA action figures!”

We cut to kids in a staged living room ring setup, bashing figures together while laughing, as a giant hand lifts the Jarvis figure above a ladder for the “Ace in the Hole Climb!”

Commercial Voiceover: “UTA ACTION FIGURES — SERIES THREE! Available now wherever extreme toys are sold!”

Small text flashes briefly at the bottom of the screen: *Some figures sold separately. Championship belts not guaranteed. Parental discretion advised when facing The Raging Dead in battle.*

Fade to black as the theme music ends on a thunderous drum hit.

Legends Battle Royal

Match

The camera cuts back to ringside, where the energy inside the T-Mobile Arena is buzzing with nostalgia.

John Phillips: "Well folks, if you thought this night couldn't get any more memorable—think again. Because up next... it's a celebration of those who laid the foundation we walk on today."

Mark Bravo: "Ten UTA legends. One ring. And only one can walk out with bragging rights. We're talkin' over-the-top rope, survival of the fittest style. These are the names that helped build WrestleUTA from the ground up."

John Phillips: "Some haven't stepped foot in a ring in years. Others have always had one more match in 'em. But tonight isn't about titles. It's not about rankings. It's about legacy."

The crowd erupts with anticipation as the camera pans up the ramp to the entrance stage.

Mark Bravo: "And I think we're about to get our first dose of that legacy right now!"

Suddenly, the lights dim. A golden spotlight pulses in rhythm with the music as the unmistakable opening guitar riff of “Gold Medal” by Tha Trademarc blasts over the speakers.

The crowd instantly roars to life.

John Phillips: "Oh, you're kidding me—YES! Hall of Fame member... the man, the myth, the hat... it's RON HALL!"

Ron Hall strides out onto the stage, dressed in his classic look — cowboy hat perched high, a confident smirk on his face as he soaks in the moment.

The crowd rises to their feet as he lifts one hand skyward in salute, gold lighting reflecting off his Hall of Fame ring.

Mark Bravo: "Talk about fan favorite! Ron Hall has always been a man of the people. And look at him — he hasn't lost a step!"

Ron begins his walk down the ramp, slapping hands with fans all the way to ringside — especially taking time to kneel briefly and high-five a pair of kids wearing matching Hall of Fame shirts.

John Phillips: "This man embodies everything UTA was built on — honor, grit, and the love of the game. It's great to see him back in the ring where he belongs."

As he reaches ringside, Ron Hall climbs the steps, tips his hat to the crowd, and steps between the ropes. He gives one final wave before pacing the ring slowly, loosening up.

With Ron Hall now stretching in the corner and soaking in the ovation, the arena lights take on a cool blue hue. A hush of anticipation spreads through the crowd—

—until the sharp opening strings of "Smooth Criminal" by Michael Jackson pierce the air.

John Phillips: "Oh wow... no way. Is it really—?"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, it's real. That music can only mean one thing — AC SMOOTH is back in the UTA!"

The crowd leaps to their feet as the charismatic figure of AC Smooth steps through the curtain, bathed in spotlight. He's aged gracefully — older now, but no less iconic. His bright bleached hair practically glows under the lights, and his trademark smile is wide and infectious.

John Phillips: "This... this is a moment. A UTA original — the original smooth operator. We haven't seen AC Smooth inside a UTA ring since 2003!"

Mark Bravo: "And yet here he is, strutting down the ramp like he never missed a beat. Man, the years might've passed, but Smooth's swag never did."

AC Smooth throws out his arms and lets the crowd's cheers wash over him, spinning once before starting down the ramp. He takes his time, working the fans with every step — a playful point here, a smooth handshake there. The music, the moment, the man — it's all picture-perfect.

He reaches ringside and takes a slow walk around the ring, playing to the hard cam with a wink and a pose. Ron Hall watches from inside, nodding his head in recognition and giving him a small clap of respect.

AC Smooth climbs the steps, wipes his feet on the apron, and steps through the ropes with a graceful spin. He and Ron meet in the middle of the ring, share a quick dap and embrace, then head to separate corners to await the next arrival.

John Phillips: "That's two UTA icons in the ring right now... and we've got eight more on the way. Buckle in, folks — the Legend Battle Royal is just heating up."

The music fades. The camera returns to the top of the ramp as the crowd buzzes for the next legend...

Suddenly, the atmosphere in the arena shifts. The lights dim again, and this time, an unmistakable guitar riff rolls out through the speakers — it's "Hail to the King" by Avenged Sevenfold.

John Phillips: "Oh... here we go. This man needs no introduction, but he'll demand one anyway."

Mark Bravo: "Former Legacy Champion. One of the most dominant technicians to ever lace a pair of boots in the UTA. This... is Claude Baptiste Ranier."

The big screen flickers to life — crisp, clean images of CBR suplexing opponents, wrenching in submissions, and

holding championship gold. Canadian flags flash in between the clips as the crowd response crashes into a chorus of boos... but laced within, a pocket of die-hard cheers begins to rise. The Canadian Star still has his faithful.

Four repetitions of the opening riff end, the cymbal crashes, and CBR steps through the curtain.

He is regal, arrogant, focused — wearing purple and white ring trunks, matching knee and elbow pads, white boots, and a dazzling robe bearing the word “Subjugation” in sharp black font across the back. His shoulder-length blonde hair flows perfectly, and a pair of purple-tinted sunglasses shield his eyes.

John Phillips: "He's not here to shake hands or make friends. He's here to remind everyone that technical wrestling excellence will never go out of style."

Mark Bravo: "He hasn't aged a day in his own mind. And judging by the swagger in that walk, he still believes he's the best technical wrestler this company has ever seen."

CBR slowly descends the ramp, eyes locked on the ring. He doesn't so much as glance at the outstretched hands of fans — not out of ignorance, but defiance. Every step is calculated. Every movement — deliberate. As the lyrics hit, he pauses at ringside, slowly removing his robe and handing it to an attendant with casual disrespect.

Inside the ring, Ron Hall watches cautiously, while AC Smooth leans on the ropes and smirks, amused. CBR slides under the ropes and rises, removing his sunglasses with a smirk of his own. He gives both men a look like he's already decided how and when they'll be eliminated.

John Phillips: "Three legends. Three completely different legacies. And seven more to come."

The fans continue their mixed reaction as the lights return to normal. The camera pans up once again to the entrance ramp...

Suddenly — BOOM! A thunderous shotgun blast rattles the arena sound system, shaking fans out of their seats. Lights strobe wildly across the entranceway as a grungy southern guitar riff kicks in behind a distorted voice:

“Shock N Rolla... Here 2 Show Ya... Cocked Back... And... Loaded! Chance Von Crank!”

Mark Bravo: "Well lock up your wives and hide the beer — it's him. The Trailer Park Prodigy has arrived!"

John Phillips: "That unmistakable sound could only belong to one man. And whether you loved him or hated him back in the day... you never forgot Chance Von Crank."

Through the haze of smoke and flashing lights, out stumbles — no, struts — Chance Von Crank. Shirtless save for his iconic "Trailer Park Prodigy" tee half-draped around one arm, the UTA veteran rocks mismatched boots, a bandana hanging from his back pocket, and that signature unhinged look in his eye.

The crowd breaks into a thunderous chant: “CVC SUCKS! CVC SUCKS!” — but it's not the venom of yesteryear. This is nostalgia. This is love masked as heckling.

Crank cups his ear to the crowd, nodding like he just heard the sweet sound of home. Then, in true Crank fashion...

He pauses. Looks left. Looks right. And then... simulates a few vigorous strokes in front of his crotch — shouting out “AW SKI SKI!” at the top of his lungs as he leans forward with a wild grin.

Mark Bravo: "Good lord, some things never change."

As he heads toward the ring, Crank tosses his ratty shirt into the crowd — only for a fan to gleefully toss it back. Crank laughs, flipping them the bird with a wink. He scales the steps, slides through the ropes with reckless grace, and makes a beeline for the turnbuckles.

Climbing to the second rope, Chance Von Crank throws his arms wide, basking in the twisted affection of the UTA faithful. Even Ron Hall cracks a grin across the ring.

John Phillips: "One of the wildest to ever do it. And judging by that entrance — he hasn't lost a single screw."

Crank hops down from the turnbuckles, pounding his chest, eyeballing CBR with a wink and doing a mock bow to AC Smooth — who just slowly shakes his head in disbelief.

The crowd is fired up. Four legends in the ring. And the battle royal isn't even halfway filled.

The lights begin to dim again...

The arena lights suddenly dip again, a low hum building through the sound system. Then—

BOOM-BOOM-CRACK-CRACK-BOOM! —bursts of pyro fire in sync with the frantic intro of "If You Want Peace..." by Children Of Bodom. The strobes match the chaotic double-kick drum rhythm, and the lighting flickers in pulse with the guitars.

John Phillips: "Oh wow—this is going to wake up the rest of the block! That can only mean one thing—"

As the final five notes of the intro rip through the air, an explosion of vibrant pyro shoots down the ramp and outward toward the ring like lightning bolts crossing time and space.

Mark Bravo: "It's HIM! It's the Angel himself! LEW SMITH!"

The crowd roars as out from behind the curtain springs a cloaked figure, hood up, moving with smooth precision. His robe shimmers under the rising lights, but his pace is unbroken — laser-focused on the ring.

With fluid momentum, Lew Smith hits ringside and leaps onto the apron, slipping between the ropes in one clean move. He stands center ring, the camera circling as the crowd rises to their feet.

Then—

In one sharp movement, Lew throws back the hood... revealing a face etched with calm confidence and quiet intensity. The fans let out a renewed roar of approval.

John Phillips: "Former UTA Champion. The man once known as the Angel. And it looks like time hasn't dulled his fire one bit."

Mark Bravo: "No sir. If you're standing across the ring from Lew Smith, you better keep your head on a swivel. That man can flip the script in an instant."

Ron Hall nods across the ring. AC Smooth gives a respectful clap. Even Chance Von Crank bows with exaggerated flair — before pretending to stumble and fall, earning a laugh from the fans.

CBR stands stoically, arms crossed, his eyes not leaving Lew for a second.

Five legends down. Five to go. The ring is filling... and the lights fade once more.

The arena dims slightly as the crowd murmurs with anticipation. The flashing lights change to a blend of red and blue, and a gritty, guitar-heavy instrumental track hits the speakers — a clear nod to early 2000s wrestling themes.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute... hold on just a second!"

Mark Bravo: "Is this really happening? Don't mess with me, John — is that who I think it is?"

The curtain parts, and out step two men side-by-side. Graying hair. Slower steps. But unmistakable intensity in their eyes.

John Phillips: "It's them! It's Seth 'Klash' Payne and Kevin 'Kor' Hawk! Payback is back!"

Mark Bravo: "The co-Hardcore Champions. The brawlers from the blood-soaked days of the old UTA. I never thought I'd see this tag team in the same building again, let alone the same ring!"

The crowd erupts into a mixture of surprise and raw appreciation as Klash and Kor begin their walk down the ramp. They aren't wearing their old gear, but they wear something more important — a legacy. Klash raises a single fist in salute to the fans, while Kor slaps hands with those reaching over the barricade.

John Phillips: "They're older now, sure — the years have added a little silver to their look — but don't let that fool you. These two were absolute wildcards in their prime."

Mark Bravo: "Wildcards? These two once powerbombed each other through a table for fun. And now, they're walking into a ring filled with fellow legends? I've got chills, Phillips. Legitimate chills."

As Payback reach the ring, Klash takes the stairs while Kor climbs up on the apron. They enter together, nodding at the others inside — Ron Hall gives them a firm handshake. Chance Von Crank gives a sarcastic thumbs-up and mock applause, but even he can't hide the smirk on his face.

John Phillips: "This is surreal. We've already seen five legends make their way into this match... but Klash and Kor just turned back the clock."

Mark Bravo: "Payback is here, and business just picked up. Somebody better reinforce the ropes!"

The arena lights flash red and blue as the unmistakable reggae beat of "Bad Boys" by Inner Circle thumps through the PA system.

John Phillips: "Oh... my god. Tell me that's not who I think it is."

Mark Bravo: "It is. It really is! That's Hall of Famer — somehow — Rent-A-Cop Davey!"

From the curtain stumbles out a large, aging man with sunglasses on crooked and a faded navy polo that reads "SECURITY" in cracked yellow lettering. His gut hangs prominently out from beneath the shirt, and he's wearing a battered old ball cap with "SECURITY" stitched above the brim.

John Phillips: "The legendary enforcer-slash-menace of the 2000s... looking a little worse for wear, Bravo."

Mark Bravo: "A little? He just walked five feet and he's doubled over like he just climbed Everest!"

Davey stops near the top of the ramp, clearly winded, his hands on his knees as he pants heavily. He waves off some concerned officials and gives a very half-hearted thumbs-up to the crowd, who cheer more in shock and amusement than reverence.

John Phillips: "Listen, love him or hate him, Rent-A-Cop Davey is a piece of UTA lore. He broke up brawls, got involved in matches, and once won the Hardcore Title by accident. He belongs here, belly and all."

As the chorus of "Bad Boys" kicks in again, Davey straightens up with effort and begins his lumbering descent down the ramp. About halfway, he stops once more to catch his breath — this time leaning against the barricade as if to pretend he's interacting with the fans.

Mark Bravo: "At this rate, the bell might ring before he even makes it to the ring!"

John Phillips: "But the fans love it. Look at them — they're on their feet. That's the kind of chaotic nostalgia Davey brings to the table."

Eventually, Davey huffs his way up the steel steps one at a time, squeezing himself awkwardly through the ropes and raising both arms with a wheeze. The other legends in the ring give him a cautious amount of space... just in case.

Mark Bravo: "There's a lot of muscle in that ring, but Davey might be bringing the most mass. We'll see if it works for him — or against him."

The lights dim with a multicolored swirl of hues... and then—

? CLAP YOUR HANDS! ?

The snappy drum solo of “Clap Your Hands” by They Might Be Giants fills the arena, and out from the curtain steps a truly unforgettable sight: the whimsical, clunky figure of Robot Pete!

John Phillips: "Oh my... we've got ourselves a reunion of the weird and wacky variety!"

Mark Bravo: "It's Robot Pete! That screen-faced menace is clapping along like we're about to start kindergarten circle time!"

Robot Pete dances across the stage, his metallic arms flapping up and down in rhythm. His digital face flashes a big yellow smiley emoji as the crowd claps along. Then—

BOOM! Rainbow-colored pyro explodes over the rampway as Uncle Rocky somersaults out from behind the curtain like a man launched from a bouncy castle cannon.

John Phillips: "There he is! The Bombastic Brawler himself — the one and only Uncle Rocky!"

Mark Bravo: "A kids' show reject with a mean streak a mile wide. He's got balloon animal energy and brass knuckle brutality."

Wearing a patchwork singlet covered in confetti designs, bright yellow boots, and an over-the-top grin, Rocky does a few goofy dance steps down the ramp. He claps his hands wildly in rhythm with Pete, then points to a fan in the front row and mockingly wags his finger.

Uncle Rocky: "No, no, no! You didn't clap on the beat!"

Mark Bravo: "Still a jerk. Still somehow beloved. Only in UTA, baby."

As the two reach ringside, Robot Pete's screen-face flashes a cartoon heart. He and Uncle Rocky exchange high fives, then pull each other into a dramatic, overacted hug to a thunderous ovation.

Rocky gives Pete one last thumbs-up before rolling into the ring and leaping to his feet with a surprising burst of agility for a man his age. He claps above his head, soaking in the cheers as the music fades.

John Phillips: "He's weird. He's wild. He's Uncle Rocky, and he's back in the UTA ring!"

Just as the crowd begins to settle, expecting the match to begin...

? BIG DICK FURY COMES HARD WITH A BANG?

The arena erupts in shock as the unmistakable intro to "Big Dick Fury" by Z Mann Zilla blasts through the sound system!

John Phillips: "Wait—what?! That's... that's Dick Fury's music!"

Mark Bravo: "Are you kidding me?! We already saw Rich Wingate earlier tonight — what the hell is happening right now?!"

From behind the curtain struts none other than Dick Fury himself — or rather, UTA's very own Chief Operating Officer Rich Wingate, donning the unmistakable flamboyant identity from his in-ring glory days.

He's decked out in his classic hot pink tights and matching boots, with a giant feathered pink boa draped dramatically around his neck. His sunglasses are oversized and absurdly reflective, and his mustache? Just as furious as ever.

John Phillips: "It's official — the final entrant in the Legend Battle Royal... is the legendary, the ridiculous, the resplendently raunchy Dick Fury!"

Mark Bravo: "The man's got more glitter than a Las Vegas drag brunch — and I'm here for all of it!"

Fury struts down the ramp like a peacock with a trust fund, stopping halfway to gyrate his hips in exaggerated fashion, drawing cheers and laughter from the stunned audience. A chant of "FUR-Y! FUR-Y!" builds in pockets of the crowd.

At ringside, he whips off the boa and tosses it onto a fan's head before climbing the ring steps with all the dramatic flair of a Broadway diva. He pauses on the apron, glancing at the rest of the legends in the ring with a smirk, then slips through the ropes with a smooth roll of his hips.

John Phillips: "You never know what you're going to get when Dick Fury's in the building. But you can bet your ass it's unforgettable."

Mark Bravo: "Dick is back, baby — and he's entered this match with all the fury you'd expect!"

With Dick Fury now in the ring, the bell is about to sound... and the Legend Battle Royal is officially ready to begin.

The referee signals for the bell and—DING DING DING!—we are underway in the UTA Legend Battle Royal!

John Phillips: "Ten legends. One ring. A whole lot of history and...questionable cardio."

Mark Bravo: "And enough orthopedic tape to make a mummy jealous!"

Immediately, Rent-A-Cop Davey is shouting "SECURITY BREACH!" and waddling across the ring with arms outstretched, trying to arrest Lew Smith. Lew just sidesteps him and gives him a light push to the back—Davey topples forward into the ropes but somehow bounces back like a bowling ball off bumpers.

On the opposite side, Uncle Rocky is trying to get everyone to clap along. He points to Klash and Kor, trying to lead a chant of "Clap your hands!" but Klash just chops him across the chest and Kor follows up with a double axe handle to the back.

Mark Bravo: "Okay, that's enough children's programming for tonight."

Ron Hall and AC Smooth share a nostalgic handshake... before AC immediately goes for a schoolboy pin out of habit. The referee, confused, waves him off—no pins here. Hall pops up, glares, and points to the "Over The Top Only" banner hanging on the screen. Smooth shrugs with a sheepish grin.

John Phillips: "Old habits die hard, I guess!"

Chance Von Crank and CBR square off in the center like it's 2014 all over again. CVC mocks Claude's tights with a pelvic thrust, earning a thumb to the eye. The crowd eats it up.

Meanwhile, Dick Fury is... preening. That's the only word for it. He's climbing the second rope, blowing kisses to the fans, and mouthing "You're welcome." He hasn't thrown a punch yet. Kor tries to grab him from behind, but Fury ducks under, spanks him, and yells "Naughty!" before strutting away.

Mark Bravo: "Is Dick Fury even fighting or just auditioning for a Vegas cabaret?"

John Phillips: "Little bit of Column A, little bit of Column B."

Robot Pete is on the outside, clapping along and flashing a ? face on his screen. Then suddenly it changes to ? when he sees Rent-A-Cop Davey tumbling through the middle ropes and collapsing into a chair at ringside, gasping for breath.

John Phillips: "I don't think Davey was thrown out—I think he threw himself out... for medical reasons."

Back in the ring, Lew Smith soars off the top with a dropkick that sends Kor crashing backward into the ropes. Rocky catches him and tries to heave him over—but Kor reverses, almost sending Rocky out instead! The crowd rises as Rocky teeters on the edge—

—but Klash rushes in and pulls his brother back in! The Payback boys are still watching each other's backs after all

these years.

Mark Bravo: "Teamwork! A few decades older but just as effective!"

Suddenly, Ron Hall starts stomping a corner rhythmically. AC Smooth joins him. Dick Fury sees it and, mistaking it for a dance-off, moonwalks into the middle—only to be hit with a double clothesline from CBR and Lew Smith!

John Phillips: "They just clotheslined Dick right out of his boots!"

As the crowd roars in laughter and chaos reigns in the ring, one thing is clear—this may not be about gold, but it's about legacy, and these legends are here to show they've still got it... or at least, most of it.

Back in the ring, Ron Hall and Lew Smith are trading chops in the corner, each "WHOOO" louder than the last, but the crowd is eating it up. On the other side, CBR has Uncle Rocky in a rear waistlock and is trying to lift him over the ropes. Rocky kicks his feet like a cartoon character caught in a tornado.

John Phillips: "If this match had a Yelp page, it'd read: 'Four stars, one cardiac incident pending.'"

Suddenly, AC Smooth charges in—and CBR drops Rocky, sidestepping just in time. SMOOTH CLOTHESLINES ROCKY OVER THE TOP!

Mark Bravo: "And Uncle Rocky is eliminated! Robot Pete flashes a crying face emoji!"

Robot Pete flashes ? on his helmet and slowly slinks back to the locker room, waving a tiny robo-hand at Rocky, who claps his own hands in defeat and bows dramatically to the crowd.

Rent-A-Cop Davey is STILL seated in the chair ringside, now holding a hot dog someone handed him. A young fan pats him on the shoulder and he lazily lifts a thumbs up.

John Phillips: "Pretty sure Davey just took himself out for a snack break."

Inside the ring, Klash and Kor are working together to try and eliminate Chance Von Crank. They both grab a leg—Crank is flailing like a possessed crab—and with a final push, they get him over the top rope!

Mark Bravo: "He's OUT! CVC is gone!"

Crank lands on the floor with a SPLAT, sits up, and in perfect comedic timing yells:

Chance Von Crank: "AW SKI SKI!!!"

The crowd erupts in laughter. Crank limps away, humping the barricade once for old time's sake before disappearing behind the curtain.

CBR goes after AC Smooth, catching him with a massive overhead belly-to-belly that practically flings Smooth across the ring. But just as CBR turns around—

RON HALL charges in with a lariat—CBR ducks—LEW SMITH is there—DROP KICK—and CBR goes tumbling over the top rope!!!

John Phillips: "That's huge! Claude Baptiste Ranier is out! The Canadian Star has been dethroned!"

CBR stares back in disbelief, pointing to himself and then to the ring, shouting, "That's not regulation!" before storming off.

Mark Bravo: "Regulation or not, he's outta here, pal!"

Meanwhile, Dick Fury is perched in the corner, somehow untouched, fixing his boa and winking at a grandma in the front row. Klash starts stalking him.

Klash: "Time to neuter this peacock."

He grabs Fury by the tights—but Fury mule kicks him low! Klash collapses, hands over his crotch. Fury poses—

Dick Fury: "You mess with Dick... you get the prick!"

...and then IMMEDIATELY turns around into a superkick from Lew Smith, who laughs and dumps him over the top!

Mark Bravo: "And Big Dick Fury is sent packin'! No happy ending for that one!"

We're down to our final group now: Ron Hall, Lew Smith, Klash, Kor... and Rent-A-Cop Davey, who is still technically in the match—though now he appears to be napping.

John Phillips: "Five remain... and you won't believe who still has a chance at this thing!"

Lew Smith and Ron Hall stand tall in the ring, sweat dripping, chest heaving. Across from them, Klash and Kor nod to one another — it's two-on-two now.

John Phillips: "A tag team and two of the greatest singles stars we've ever seen. This is gonna get wild."

Klash charges at Hall, but the Hall of Famer ducks and hits a back body drop over the ropes! KLASH IS OUT!

Mark Bravo: "Klash just got launched like a bad Netflix pilot!"

Kor blindsides Lew with a running knee, trying to take him out while Ron is still down from the effort. Kor hauls Lew up and tries to toss him, but Lew fights back — elbows, knees — both men are teetering...

RON CHARGES—double clothesline—and both Lew Smith AND Kor go over the top!!!

John Phillips: "DOUBLE ELIMINATION! HALL DID IT!"

The crowd goes insane. Ron turns, arms raised—

But wait... the camera pans... and there's Rent-A-Cop Davey... still napping outside the ring in a folding chair with mustard on his shirt.

Mark Bravo: "Is... is he still in this match!?"

John Phillips: "Technically... yes."

Ron Hall rolls out under the bottom rope and taps Davey on the shoulder. Davey opens one eye. Ron extends a hand. Davey shrugs... and lets himself be helped into the ring.

Once inside, Davey raises his arms—

Rent-A-Cop Davey: "WE DID IT, BABY!"

Then Ron Hall pats him on the back... and just gently tips him over the top rope with no resistance at all.

Mark Bravo: "That... was the softest elimination in UTA history."

John Phillips: "BUT IT COUNTS! RON HALL WINS!"

The crowd erupts into pure, thunderous applause as Gold Medal by Tha Trademarc hits again. Ron climbs the ropes and waves his cowboy hat to the audience. A "THANK YOU RON" chant breaks out.

Mark Bravo: "Tonight, the Hall of Famer just got a little more legendary."

Ron celebrates in the ring.

Hall of Fame 2025

Segment

The haunting first notes of a solemn instrumental swell beneath a black screen.

Words fade in — bold, white, timeless.

“This year, we honor those whose legacy shaped the soul of the United Toughness Alliance.”

Suddenly, the screen bursts into vibrant color as clips begin to roll — action, emotion, championship glory.

A highlight reel of LA FLAMA BLANCA plays first — flashes of lucha brilliance, his mask lit by the spotlight, arms raised high with gold in hand.

SCOTT STEVENS follows — the Texas bruiser dropping opponents with thunderous Stevens Stomps, eyes blazing with intensity.

Next, SEAN JACKSON — not tonight’s competitor, but the legend. Suited, smug, clutching microphones and championships alike, his psychological dominance on full display.

HARDCORE SANDY smashes through a flaming table — barbed wire wrapped around her fists, bloodied but smiling as fans chant her name.

ABDUL BIN HUSSAIN’s imposing presence fills the screen — political venom, hard-fought wars, and championship victories punctuate his controversial legacy.

Then, the tag division’s chaotic artists — THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS. Suits, sunglasses, and swagger. A montage of superkicks, low blows, and egos unchecked, beloved and despised in equal measure.

Finally, the lights dim again — a slow fade into black and white as the camera zooms in on a single name etched in gold.

“Headliner: MIKE BEST”

Clips roll — defiance in his smirk, perfection in his strikes, and a storm of controversy wherever he walked. Mike Best hoisting the UTA Championship. Mike Best staring down legends. Mike Best... unforgettable.

The music softens, then slows. A hush.

One final image appears — faded, reverent.

In Memoriam: The Redeemer

A solemn image of The Redeemer appears — arms outstretched beneath a blood-red light, head bowed. No motion. No crowd. Just silence and respect.

Then... all names fade onto the screen together, united in gold.

UTA Hall of Fame — Class of 2025

The screen fades to black... and the crowd erupts with a standing ovation.

Mr. Ace in the Hole

Segment

The shot opens backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands with a grinning Jarvis Valentine. He’s sweaty, still catching his breath, but beaming with pride. Draped over his shoulder is the coveted Ace in the Hole briefcase.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, I’m standing by with the man of the moment — the winner of this year’s Ace in the Hole ladder match... Jarvis Valentine!"

The crowd watching from the arena roars as they see the replay begin to roll in a small screen-in-screen — highlights of Jarvis snatching the briefcase, climbing down, his hand raised in victory.

Jarvis Valentine: (catching his breath, but glowing) "Melissa... I feel good. I feel real good. I’ve been clawing my way

toward this moment for years — and now? Now I'm Mr. Ace in the Hole!"

Melissa Cartwright: "It's a career-altering opportunity — a guaranteed shot at the UTA Championship anytime, anywhere. The obvious question, Jarvis... when do you plan to cash it in?"

Jarvis adjusts the briefcase on his shoulder and smirks, eyes sparkling like a man with secrets.

Jarvis Valentine: "When the time is right... everyone will know. But for now?" (He laughs lightly.) "I think it's time I celebrate. We're in Las Vegas after all — and this place is called WrestleUTA: 25 for a reason. Let's make some memories, Melissa."

He gives the camera a confident wink, slaps the briefcase, and walks off with purpose — a champion-in-waiting, the future in his hands.

Back to ringside.

LEGACY vs. RESENTMENT

Segment

The screen fades in from black.

Grainy security footage plays in silence. A backstage hallway. A rising star. Then —

BOOM! A masked figure barrels into Eric Dane Jr. and blindsides him with a vicious clothesline. The image pauses as Eric crashes to the concrete — face twisted in agony.

Voiceover (John Phillips): "It started with a name. A legacy. A debut that shook the walls of the UTA."

The screen cuts to Eric Dane Jr.'s first interview — smug, confident, sunglasses gleaming.

Eric Dane Jr. (archival): "I'm not here to follow in dear ol' Dad's footsteps. I'm here to make you forget he ever existed."

Smash cut to a violent curb stomp against a road case. The masked attacker leans down —

Masked Attacker: Welcome to Harrisburg, BITCH.

The screen goes white for a moment. A slow drumbeat begins to pulse underneath.

Clips fly past: Dane Jr. walking backstage, wary. A successful debut over Jacob Clark. Another ambush. Another steel chair to the head.

Voiceover (Mark Bravo): "He won the match... but lost the moment. And no one knew why."

Video shows Eric pacing backstage, gripping a steel chair. Eyes bloodshot. Rage building.

Eric Dane Jr. (archival): "I stop being the guy asking questions. I start being the guy handing out answers. Violent ones."

The screen flickers into distorted video. A shadowed figure in a white mask stares into the lens, voice warped by static.

Mystery Attacker: "You were getting your moment. Interviews. Headlines. I was told I had no value. That I was poison."

The music grows louder. Clips flash of the crowd reacting. Of Dane Jr. screaming at the tron. Of the masked man making appearances... then disappearing like smoke.

Mystery Attacker: "I signed that contract on day one. I was already on the roster page. But no one cared."

Smash cut — the screen glitches, and suddenly —

CRACK! Steel chair to the back of Dane Jr. in the ring. The attacker unmask.

John Phillips: "THAT'S CHRIS ROSS!"

Quick flashes of Ross: sneering, snarling, holding the mask in one hand and a chair in the other.

Mark Bravo: "The Boss is BACK — and he's not just here to fight. He's here to make sure Eric Dane Jr. suffers."

Cut to black. Then —

ERIC DANE JR. stands in a dark room, lit only by a spotlight. His eyes are bloodshot. His jaw is clenched. A quiet fury in his tone.

Eric Dane Jr. (new): "You want to be remembered? You want to crawl out of the shadows and spit in my face because you didn't get your fanfare?"

He steps closer to the camera, voice rising with each word.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Then meet me in the light. WrestleUTA: 25. You bring your scars. I'll bring your ending."

Hard cut —

CHRIS ROSS is shown training in an empty gym, throwing fists into a heavy bag with animalistic aggression. His voice plays over.

Chris Ross (v.o.): "You think this is about legacy? This is about consequences. And at WrestleUTA: 25... you finally get yours."

The screen fades to black again. Just one graphic remains.

ERIC DANE JR. vs. CHRIS ROSS

LEGACY vs. RESENTMENT

The UTA logo burns onto the screen in silver and red. The words echo one last time—

"Let the legacy burn."

Eric Dane Jr. vs. Chris Ross

Match

The camera pans over the WrestleUTA crowd, buzzing with anticipation. The lights around the arena dim to a low blue glow as the opening riff of "Made You Look" by Nas echoes through the building.

John Phillips: "This isn't gonna be your typical walk to the ring, folks..."

Mark Bravo: "You feel that chill? That's the weight of rage walking down the ramp tonight."

From the back curtain, a silhouette forms — short, broad-shouldered, stock still. The lights flash silver. The crowd murmurs. And then...

? I'm a problem to problems... ?

...the curtain parts, and out steps Eric Dane Jr., wrapped in a shimmering silver-and-blue robe lined with stars, arms tight to his sides, lips pressed into a snarl.

John Phillips: "There's no strut tonight. No cocky swagger. Just fury."

Mark Bravo: "This ain't the same kid who strutted around Orlando with a feather boa and a selfie stick. This is a Dane possessed."

He pauses atop the stage, eyes scanning the crowd — but they don't matter. Not tonight. He pulls off his wrap-around shades and hurls them backward off the stage. The headband comes next. Then the robe hits the floor with a heavy drop, leaving him in his traditional silver trunks and boots, fists clenched.

John Phillips: "For Eric Dane Jr., this isn't about bright lights and show-stealing spots. It's not about ego. Tonight's about one thing—"

Mark Bravo: "—revenge."

He starts his walk. Slow. Methodical. Head low. The camera catches glimpses of his jaw twitching. His taped fingers flex with every step, like he's trying to keep himself from sprinting straight into hell.

John Phillips: "Ross didn't just leave scars on UTA's history... he tore into the legacy of this kid's family."

Mark Bravo: "And Eric Jr. may be unpolished, reckless, even delusional at times—but I gotta admit... I've never seen him look this focused."

Halfway down the ramp, Dane Jr. stops. His eyes lock on the ring. He tilts his head like he's listening to voices we can't hear. Then, with a sudden burst—

—he SLAMS both fists against the metal barricade, the sound rattling through the front row!

Mark Bravo: "WHOA! Easy, Junior!"

He shouts something unintelligible into the air, pointing to the ring. Then resumes the walk, a little quicker now. The crowd doesn't know whether to cheer or stay the hell out of the way.

John Phillips: "He's not waiting for Ross. He's daring him to come out. He's daring the world to stop him."

Eric Dane Jr. circles the ring once, pacing like a shark. He yanks off the EDJ-branded towel tucked into his boot and tosses it to the ground. He finally slides under the bottom rope... but doesn't pose. Doesn't play to the crowd.

Instead, he crawls to the far corner, leans back against the turnbuckles, and stares straight at the entranceway—
—waiting.

John Phillips: "He's not here to impress anyone. He's here to hurt someone."

Mark Bravo: "And Chris Ross? He's the perfect target."

The music fades... but the tension does not.

Lights stay low. Camera stays tight on Dane Jr.'s face. His chest rises and falls. His fingers tap his knees. The moment is coming...

The arena shifts as the opening guttural riff of "Black Flame" by Bury Tomorrow crashes over the sound system. Instantly, the lights darken to cold steel gray. The crowd buzzes in anticipation.

John Phillips: "Here we go... "Black Flame" means one thing. Chris Ross is on his way."

Mark Bravo: "And listen to that sound shift. These people know what kind of chaos walks out to this music."

In the ring, Eric Dane Jr. jerks upright in the corner. His eyes lock on the curtain. His chest rises with sharp, rapid breaths. He leans forward slightly, every muscle tensed like a coiled spring.

John Phillips: "That's the face of a man who remembers."

Mark Bravo: "He remembers the last time. How Ross blindsided him from the crowd—split him open like a bag of oranges. You can see it in his posture. Dane ain't falling for that again.

Seconds tick by. The music blares on. But the stage remains empty.

John Phillips: "No Ross yet..."

Mark Bravo: "And that is exactly what makes him dangerous."

Eric slowly steps out from the corner, turning a slow, deliberate circle. His eyes scan the barricades. The crowd. The ramp. The commentary table. He's muttering to himself now, every ounce of paranoia bleeding through his movements.

John Phillips: "This is what Chris Ross wants. Get inside your head. Make you second guess the shadows."

Mark Bravo: "I'd say the Keystone State Killa is already winning the mind games—and he hasn't even shown his face."

Eric backs up against the ropes, glancing over his shoulder. He drops into a ready stance, eyes darting toward the timekeeper's area, then the floor under the ring. Then the crowd again.

"Black Flame" continues to play... no sign of Ross.

John Phillips: "Where is he?! If he's smart, he'll come down the ramp like a professional—"

Mark Bravo: "If he's Ross, he's already under the ring with a screwdriver in his teeth."

Eric suddenly spins toward the hard cam side of the ring, crouching, peering into the front row. A fan twitches in their seat and EDJ flinches instinctively. The paranoia is rising—palpable now.

John Phillips: "Dane's not just fighting Ross tonight. He's fighting ghosts."

The music fades.

The lights don't change.

Still... no Ross.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, this is bad. This is real bad. And not for Dane Jr."

John Phillips: "Folks... if you feel that sense of dread creeping in—"

Mark Bravo: "—That's because the most dangerous man in this company is somewhere in this arena... and we don't know where."

Suddenly, the WrestleUTA: 25 logo flickers on the big screen. Static crackles violently across it, distorting the pristine broadcast visuals. The crowd begins murmuring, unsure of what's happening. The lights shift to an uneasy white-blue wash over the arena.

John Phillips: "Wait—wait, something's happening with the screen. That's not part of the entrance..."

The static fades—revealing a jarring backstage feed.

Eric Dane Sr., the legendary Only Star himself, is shown crumpled against a cement wall somewhere deep in the bowels of the building. Blood seeps from his mouth. His iconic jacket is half-torn, one arm limp at his side. A trail of crimson smears across the floor beneath him.

Mark Bravo: "OH MY GOD!"

John Phillips: "That's—That's ERIC DANE SENIOR! Somebody call for help! NOW!"

Back in the ring, Eric Dane Jr. sees the image and freezes. His wide-eyed defiance melts into raw horror. The confident sneer gone. His shoulders slump for a heartbeat... then coil like a spring.

Mark Bravo: "He's running—he's going back there!"

Eric slides under the ropes and bolts up the ramp at full sprint, eyes locked on the stage and the possible entrance to the back.

John Phillips: "His father! His FATHER is down! Hurt! Bleeding! What kind of sick—"

Mark Bravo: "Who do you THINK? Come on, Johnny!"

Just as Eric reaches the top of the ramp—

A massive arm shoots out from over the barricade and SNATCHES him mid-stride, yanking him down like a lion dragging prey into the tall grass.

John Phillips: "WHOA—WHAT THE HELL?!"

The figure lunges over the barricade like a demon unleashed. Black hoodie. Unshaven. Steel-eyed. In his hand—a screwdriver, glinting beneath the arena lights.

Mark Bravo: "IT'S CHRIS ROSS! HE'S BEEN HERE THE WHOLE TIME!"

Eric hits the steel ramp hard, his body contorting from the impact. Before he can react—before he can even draw a breath—Ross is on him. A knee to the ribs. Another to the spine. Forearm after forearm raining down like sledgehammers.

John Phillips: "Ross planned all of this. Every second! The fake entrance, the backstage attack—"

Mark Bravo: "That sick son of a bitch took out Eric Dane Sr. just to lure his kid into the open!"

Ross grabs Eric by the back of the neck and BOUNCES his face off the edge of the ramp. The sound echoes like a gunshot. Blood spills almost immediately from Eric's brow.

John Phillips: "This isn't a match... it's a hit job!"

Security starts scrambling down the ramp, but Ross doesn't even blink. He grabs Eric again and TOSSES him into the barricade shoulder-first with a thud so loud it causes the first two rows to scatter.

Mark Bravo: "The match hasn't even started and Eric Dane Jr. might already be out cold!"

Security rushes the scene—three men in black UTA polos rushing up the ramp toward the carnage.

John Phillips: "Here comes backup—thank God! Somebody stop Ross before he does something—"

But Ross hears the footsteps. He turns with a snarl, like a wild dog protecting fresh kill.

Mark Bravo: "I wouldn't get too close to that man. He's gone full psycho!"

The first guard lunges in—only to eat a ripcord headbutt that drops him instantly. The second grabs Ross from behind, but Ross whips him around and launches him spine-first into the steel barricade with a roar.

The third security member hesitates. Bad move.

Ross storms forward and delivers a savage discus elbow—the 10-71—cracking the man across the jaw with such force that his body spins before crashing down in a heap.

John Phillips: "He's just laid out security like they were kids on a playground! This is out of control!"

Chris Ross turns his attention back to Eric Dane Jr., who's barely stirring at this point, his forehead already smeared in red from the earlier assault. Ross slowly stalks over, screwdriver in hand like a hunter savoring the kill.

Mark Bravo: "Don't do it. Come on, Ross! That's not a weapon, that's a damn felony!"

Ross mounts Eric with a sick grin, straddling his chest. He raises the screwdriver high into the air—gleaming above them like a dagger in the dark.

John Phillips: "NO! He's going for the eye! He's—"

But Eric, battered and barely conscious, reacts on instinct. His hand SHOOTS up and catches Ross's wrist in mid-air,

inches from his face.

The crowd collectively GASPS as both men struggle—Ross pressing down, snarling, eyes wild—Eric holding on with both hands now, desperately trying to keep the screwdriver from descending into his skull.

Mark Bravo: "LOOK AT THIS! Eric Dane Jr. is fighting for his life—literally fighting off a psycho with a screwdriver!"

The two men writhe and roll, locked in a deadly test of strength, the tool shaking in Ross's clenched fist. Blood from Eric's brow mixes with the sweat pouring down his face as he grits his teeth, trying not to blink, not to lose focus—not to die.

John Phillips: "We need more security—hell, call the police! This is no longer a wrestling match—this is attempted murder!"

The camera shakes with urgency as a fresh wave of security rushes from the back — joined this time by several UTA producers in street clothes. Among them: a loud pop from the crowd as they spot him —

John Phillips: "That's Scott Stevens! The newly inducted Hall of Famer — he's not waiting around, he's in the thick of it!"

Scott Stevens leads the charge, flanked by two other producers and four more security guards. They swarm the scene, tugging at Chris Ross from every direction like trying to wrestle a gator in the Everglades.

Mark Bravo: "I don't think Stevens ever expected his first duty as Hall of Famer would be saving a life, but here we are!"

Ross thrashes violently, still mounted on Eric Dane Jr., who lies stunned beneath him. One brave hand snatches the screwdriver, yanking it free — it clatters across the ramp, spinning out of reach.

John Phillips: "They got it! The screwdriver's gone! Get him off—get him away!"

It takes four men pulling and Stevens himself grabbing Ross by the collar, but finally—FINALLY—they drag The Boss off Eric Dane Jr. He kicks and flails, a man possessed.

Then he explodes.

With a furious scream, Ross lunges forward and punches one of the security guards in the throat, doubling him over. He whirls around and throws a brutal back elbow into another's temple. A third tries to restrain him from behind—Ross flips him over with a judo toss onto the steel ramp!

Mark Bravo: "My God, he's like a wrecking ball with legs! You pull him off, he just fights harder!"

Even Stevens gets caught in the crossfire—Ross shoulder checks him backwards, sending the Hall of Famer stumbling into the barricade. Gasps erupt from the audience.

John Phillips: "HE JUST SHOVED SCOTT STEVENS! Somebody end this madness—get more help! Get... someone!"

Ross grabs the last security guard and slams him head-first onto the steel grating of the ramp with a sickening *clang*. His chest heaves, eyes darting, fists clenched. He looks down at the chaos he's caused—bodies sprawled, a screwdriver lost, and Eric Dane Jr. gasping for breath at his feet.

Mark Bravo: "He doesn't care about fines. He doesn't care about suspensions. Chris Ross wants one thing tonight — destruction. And he's getting it."

Security lies in tatters. Producers, including Scott Stevens, groan in pain or try to rally what's left of the resistance. Amid the chaos, a motion draws the camera's eye—

Eric Dane Jr. is crawling.

One arm at a time, bloodied and dazed, he drags himself down the ramp. Fingertips claw the grating as if the ring is his salvation, as if he can reach sanctuary between the ropes. His face is smeared crimson, hair matted, and yet something in him refuses to give out.

John Phillips: "He's still trying to fight. Still trying to go. Look at that—Eric Dane Jr. is literally dragging himself to the ring like it's all that matters!"

Mark Bravo: "Say what you want about the kid—say he's untested, say he's cocky—but this is grit, plain and simple. That's Dane blood. That's legacy trying to survive."

The camera pans slowly to Chris Ross, who hasn't moved.

He stands at the top of the ramp, arms crossed, chest rising with deliberate breath. A sick smirk crosses his face as he watches the wounded second-generation star inch forward.

He doesn't follow. Not yet.

John Phillips: "Ross is just... watching him suffer. He's letting Eric crawl. This is psychological warfare now."

Eric manages to pull himself another foot down the ramp. His hand reaches for the edge of the aisleway carpeting where the steel meets the mat, the faint roar of the crowd willing him forward. He rolls to his side, panting heavily—

And that's when Ross moves.

Like a predator that's finished playing with its food, Chris Ross lunges forward. He races down the ramp with murder in his eyes, and before Eric can even brace—

BOOM! A soccer kick right to the ribs echoes through the arena, lifting Eric off the mat and sending him flipping to his back in agony.

Mark Bravo: "OH MY GOD! That kick—he could've broken ribs with that one!"

Eric wheezes, body curling in a fetal position, but Ross doesn't stop there. He drops to a knee beside him and starts pounding on his temple with closed fists—blow after blow raining down like thunder.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross is out of control! He's not trying to win a match—he's trying to end a damn career!"

Another strike. Another. Then Ross grabs Eric by the head and slams it against the ramp. Once. Twice. A third time. Eric's body goes limp.

The crowd is a mix of gasps and furious boos. Officials from the back, battered and cautious, begin regrouping at the top of the stage—but none dare rush in just yet.

Mark Bravo: "What's the protocol when the monster wins the opening round before the bell even rings?"

Chris Ross drags Eric Dane Jr. down the ramp like a trophy kill—fingers hooked in his opponent's hair, boots scraping the steel with every limp tug. Eric is dead weight, his body slumped, every movement jarring and graceless. The fans near ringside look on in horrified silence.

John Phillips: "This isn't a match. This is a man being taken to slaughter."

Mark Bravo: "This is how Ross operates—pure chaos, pure violence, and he's damn proud of it. Look at him!"

Ross reaches the foot of the ramp and pauses, taking a long, deliberate breath. With a final yank, he hauls Eric beside the ring, then lets his body collapse in a heap at ringside. The smug expression never leaves his face.

Suddenly, movement atop the stage—

Scott Stevens is back on his feet, clutching his ribs, still shaken but unrelenting. He motions fiercely, barking orders at the groaning officials and battered security. With a unified sense of purpose, the group begins to rally.

John Phillips: "There's Scott Stevens! The Hall of Famer is rallying the troops after getting laid out earlier! He's not letting this match spiral into full-on anarchy!"

More security pours from the back—fresh reinforcements—and joins the staggering line moving down the ramp. It's a swarm now. Stevens follows behind, eyes burning with purpose.

Chris Ross sees it.

He grins.

Without hesitation, Ross grabs Eric Dane Jr. by the waistband and hurls him forward like a sandbag. Eric hits the apron hard, thuds, and rolls—halfway under the ring. His legs hang out like a rag doll caught in a machine, unmoving.

Mark Bravo: "He just tossed the kid like garbage! Eric's halfway under the ring and Ross... Ross is squaring up. He's not running."

Chris Ross turns. Cracks his neck. Clenches his fists. The horde approaches.

John Phillips: "This is gonna blow up again. Ross is daring them—he's ready to tear the rest of 'em apart like he did the first wave!"

Camera tight on Ross. The glare of the arena lights bounce off the still-fresh glint of sweat and blood. He plants his feet like a soldier on the front lines, waiting for war.

The first wave of security and producers reaches ringside—some bloodied, others reluctant but determined. They swarm toward Chris Ross with desperation and duty in their eyes.

But Ross meets them head-on.

One producer goes down from a brutal lariat. A second is caught with a high knee that lifts him off his feet. A third—a security guard—tries to wrestle Ross down, only to be lifted and driven spine-first into the barricade.

John Phillips: "They're dropping like flies! Ross is just dismantling them!"

Mark Bravo: "It's a massacre! Nobody can get near him—he's a damn rabid animal, John!"

A final pair of officials lunge from both sides—one is met with a stiff headbutt, the other with a back elbow that sends him tumbling off the ramp. Ross roars, chest heaving, looking like a man possessed.

But then—

Scott Stevens.

The Hall of Famer charges forward with a roar of his own and throws a closed-fist punch directly into Chris Ross' face. The impact is sickeningly loud—flesh and bone cracking against bone. Ross stumbles backward, blinking hard, a rare look of disorientation flickering across his face.

John Phillips: "HE CAUGHT HIM! Scott Stevens—RIGHT HAND TO THE EYE!"

The crowd explodes. Hope surges. Stevens doesn't wait—he lunges again, arms reaching for Ross, trying to grab hold, to subdue the chaos with sheer force of will.

But Chris Ross isn't done.

With a sudden burst of rage, Ross spins, grabbing Stevens by the arm and shoulder, and heaves him like dead weight. Stevens crashes shoulder-first into the steel steps—metal clanging, body folding unnaturally.

Mark Bravo: "GOOD LORD—STEVENS JUST GOT TOSSED INTO THE STEPS LIKE A BOWLING BALL!"

John Phillips: "He might be hurt—seriously hurt! Ross is out of control! This... this is carnage!"

Chris Ross stands tall in the chaos, chest heaving, blood at the corner of his mouth... and a growing purple bruise swelling beneath one eye.

Ringside is wreckage. The ring apron still clutches the legs of Eric Dane Jr. The arena holds its breath.

Chris Ross stands among the wreckage—bodies strewn, the steel steps askew, and a growing welt under his eye. He slowly turns toward the ring, where the legs of Eric Dane Jr. still jut out from under the apron, limp and stained crimson.

That wild smirk returns. His eyes, filled with unhinged delight, lock onto his prey.

Ross grabs hold of Eric's boots and yanks. One hard pull. Then another.

John Phillips: "Oh no... Ross has him. He's dragging Eric out like a carcass!"

The body of Eric Dane Jr. slides out from under the ring inch by inch—shoulders, then torso, arms limp...

...Until suddenly—he twists his hips, brings his arms forward—

And we see it.

Mark Bravo: "What the—HE'S GOT A FIRE EXTINGUISHER!"

Before Ross can react, Eric Dane Jr. squeezes the handle and unleashes a blast of white CO2 foam straight into the face of Chris Ross!

The chemicals hit Ross square in the eyes, blinding him instantly. He staggers back, clawing at his face, roaring in fury as the fog engulfs his head and shoulders.

John Phillips: "DANE JR. JUST TURNED THE TIDE! FIRE EXTINGUISHER TO THE FACE!"

Mark Bravo: "You blind a wild dog, John... and you better hope he stays down!"

Eric, still on the ground, drags the extinguisher with him as he crawls to the barricade, barely able to breathe through his own blood and exhaustion. Ross stumbles, swiping at the air, foam clinging to his hair, his beard, his open mouth.

The crowd roars, a crackle of momentum shifting beneath their feet.

It's far from over.

Medics rush down the ramp, finally catching up to the aftermath. They surround Eric Dane Jr., one kneeling with a towel, another reaching for a neck brace.

John Phillips: "Medical officials trying to assess the damage here—Eric Dane Jr. has taken an ungodly beating tonight."

But Eric swats their hands away. Blood still trickles from his forehead, soaking into his sequined headband. The fire extinguisher remains in his grasp like a war club.

Mark Bravo: "That kid doesn't want help. He wants REVENGE!"

He turns with a slow, shaky pivot—his breath labored, but his eyes locked with purpose. Ross, wiping foam from his face, starts to regain his bearings...

—Just in time to catch the cold, heavy base of the fire extinguisher to the face.

CRACK!

John Phillips: "GOOD LORD! Right to the jaw!"

Ross reels backward, stumbling but refusing to go down. He's dazed, his stance uneven, his face twisted in rage.

Eric raises the extinguisher high again...

...And slams it down across Chris Ross' spine with all the force his battered body can muster!

Mark Bravo: "That one shook the bones, John! That one HURT!"

Chris Ross drops to one knee. Still not down completely. Still fighting. But for the first time—he's grounded.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. is running on adrenaline and hate! He's trying to chop the monster down one swing at a time!"

The crowd roars in stunned disbelief. There's no bell. No official start. But the war is well underway.

Eric Dane Jr. raises the fire extinguisher high above his head—his hands trembling, face twisted, adrenaline coursing. The crowd stands in a mixture of awe and horror.

John Phillips: "He's gonna do it! He's going to cave Ross' damn skull in!"

But before the blow can land, Chris Ross surges upward with a sudden roar—his wild eyes locking with Eric's in a flash of fury. He snatches Eric's wrist mid-swing!

Mark Bravo: "Look at the power! Ross has him locked—he's got that death grip!"

Ross plants a heavy boot into Eric's gut. The impact knocks the wind right out of Dane Jr., and the fire extinguisher flies from his hands, clattering to the ground and rolling off to the side.

John Phillips: "The extinguisher's gone—and so is Eric's window of offense!"

Doubled over, Eric gasps for air—but there's no time to recover. Ross steps in and swings a massive forearm club across Eric's exposed back. The sound is sickening.

Mark Bravo: "You could feel that one from the cheap seats! All that rage is pouring out of Ross now!"

Eric crumbles to his knees for a moment, but Ross isn't finished. With a fistful of Dane's hair and a sneer, Ross drags him up, spins—

—And tosses Eric Dane Jr. like garbage through the ropes and into the ring.

John Phillips: "Tossed into the ring like a sack of bones! Ross wants this match to become official—but make no mistake, he's already made this personal."

Eric's body hits the mat with a dull thud. He rolls onto his side, blood still trickling, barely conscious. Chris Ross climbs the apron with murder in his eyes.

Mark Bravo: "And we haven't even heard the bell yet..."

Chris Ross climbs halfway onto the apron—then pauses.

John Phillips: "Wait a second... what's he doing now?"

That wild, twisted smirk curls across his face again. His eyes wide, frenzied, Ross abruptly drops down from the apron, boots hitting the floor with a thud. The fans near ringside recoil as he storms toward the timekeeper's area.

Mark Bravo: "Oh no. No, no, no... this man has something sick brewing in that head of his."

Without hesitation, Ross yanks the timekeeper out of their chair with violent force. The poor staff member stumbles away, wide-eyed. Ross clutches the steel folding chair like a weapon crafted from hell itself.

John Phillips: "He's got that look again, Bravo. That thousand-yard stare—like he's not even here with us anymore."

Chair in hand, Ross slowly turns back toward the ring. The overhead lights glint off the steel as he steps forward—his boots echoing with dread. Inside the ring, Eric Dane Jr. barely stirs. The crimson trail from his wounds is seeping into the mat—an ugly bloom of red beneath his broken form.

Mark Bravo: "That canvas is stained with Eric Dane Jr.'s blood... and Chris Ross is looking to finish painting a

masterpiece of pain."

Ross approaches the apron, eyes locked on the wreckage of a man he's dragged to the brink. He raises the chair slowly... like it's a crown he's about to deliver.

Chris Ross steps through the ropes with deliberate purpose, the steel chair still clutched tightly in his hands. His boots echo off the mat with each step as he circles the battered body of Eric Dane Jr.—a predator stalking his wounded prey.

John Phillips: "This is beyond a match. This is pure calculated destruction. And Ross—he's savoring every second of it."

Ross slows... lining up the angle, the moment. His eyes scanning the exposed limbs, the bloody torso, the skull of Eric Dane Jr. as he raises the chair high overhead—

—when suddenly...

? *** ?

Mark Bravo: "THAT'S ERIC DANE MUSIC!"

The sound blasts through the arena like a gunshot, and Ross' entire demeanor shifts. He spins toward the stage like a man who's seen a ghost.

John Phillips: "The Only Star is here?! There's no way... there's no way after what we saw earlier—"

From the top of the stage, the crowd explodes into a shocked roar as ERIC DANE SR. emerges. He's barely standing. His ribs are tightly wrapped in gauze, his temple is stitched, and his suit is soaked with dried blood. But he's here. Limping. Breathing fire.

Mark Bravo: "He's covered in blood. He's hurt. He should be in a hospital! But he's here!"

Eric Dane Sr. glares down the ramp, teeth gritted through pain as he points a shaking finger at Chris Ross. His lips move—but the words don't carry. Whatever he's saying is for Ross and Ross alone.

John Phillips: "I don't know what he just said, but it sure as hell didn't sound like a friendly invitation."

Ross turns his gaze back to the ring. Dane Jr. is still down, barely moving, barely breathing. The smile that creeps across Ross' face is nothing short of wicked.

Without warning, Ross drops to the mat and rolls under the bottom rope—chair still in hand. He lands on the floor and stands, his eyes now dancing between father and son with twisted delight.

Mark Bravo: "He's not done. He's not satisfied. He's savoring the chaos. And somehow... he wants more."

Chris Ross stalks toward the limp body of Eric Dane Jr. once more—but a movement catches his eye.

All around the ramp, the fallen security and backstage producers begin to stir. Bloodied. Bruised. But not beaten.

John Phillips: "Here come the reinforcements—what's left of them! They're not going to let Ross finish this!"

But Chris Ross now holds the weapon. That steel chair that once was meant for Dane Jr. is now the reaper's scythe.

The first official lunges in—

CRACK!

The chair connects with a sickening *THUD* against his skull. He drops like a sack of bricks.

Mark Bravo: "OH, COME ON! This man is unhinged! That's a human being!"

Another tries to rush from the side—

CRACK! CRACK!

Two more fall. A flurry of flesh and bone sacrificed to slow the monster. But Chris Ross is a freight train now. And he's not stopping.

John Phillips: "He's dismantling everyone in his path! Security, staff—there's no line he won't cross!"

Finally... down the ramp... limping, weary, beaten—but not broken—ERIC DANE SR. arrives.

Ross spots him.

Mark Bravo: "Don't do it. DON'T DO IT—"

Ross roars and charges forward. In one unrelenting motion, he swings—

CRACK!!!

The chair shatters against the skull of Eric Dane Sr. His body collapses like a tower felled in a demolition.

John Phillips: "NO! Not again! Not the legend! That man is a former champion! He's a father! He was already attacked once tonight!"

Eric Dane Sr. lies still. No movement. Blood pools from beneath his hairline.

Mark Bravo: "He's not moving, John... he's not moving."

And for the first time—Chris Ross looks around. Panting. Blood smeared across his arms and chest. Chair in hand. Ramp littered with bodies.

Then—like a shadow rising from the past—one man stands.

John Phillips: "SCOTT STEVENS! THE SCORPION! THE HALL OF FAMER IS STILL FIGHTING!"

Scott Stevens, rage in his eyes, marches straight up to Chris Ross. He SNATCHES the chair from his hands—Ross momentarily stunned at the audacity.

With a wild grunt, Stevens hurls the chair behind him—

—it flies overhead, flipping in the air—

—and lands with a hollow *clank* inside the ring, resting beside the still-down Eric Dane Jr.

Then, like a man possessed, Stevens unloads.

PUNCH TO THE JAW!

PUNCH TO THE TEMPLE!

RIGHT HOOK TO THE EAR!

Mark Bravo: "Stevens is unloading! The old war dog still has bite!"

Ross staggers. His arms wobble. Stevens steps back, measuring him up—

—charges with a massive leaping knee—

—BUT CHRIS ROSS CATCHES HIM IN MID-AIR!!!

John Phillips: "NO! NO! NO!"

Ross plants his boots, spins with primal force—

—AND SLAMS SCOTT STEVENS ONTO THE RAMP WITH A BONE-SNAPPING SPINEBUSTER!!!

Mark Bravo: "HE BROKE HIM IN HALF! STEVENS IS DONE!"

Scott Stevens groans once—then lies motionless. Chris Ross breathes heavily, staring into the lights. He rolls his shoulders, turns toward the ring...

John Phillips: "This nightmare... this massacre... isn't over yet."

Chris Ross turns slowly toward the ring...

His eyes locked on the crimson-stained body of Eric Dane Jr.

John Phillips: "He's not done... oh my god, he's not done."

Ross strides with purpose, stepping over fallen security and wreckage like a conquering tyrant. He reaches the apron, sliding under the ropes with cold precision.

The referee, having been tending to Dane Jr., now steps in front of Ross with outstretched arms—

Referee: "Chris, STOP! It's over! This isn't a match anymore!"

Ross pauses... then slowly raises a fist in warning.

The referee immediately backs away, hands up, fear overtaking duty.

Mark Bravo: "That's how you know you've crossed the line—when even the official is pleading for sanity."

Chris Ross doesn't care.

He walks toward the chair lying near the ropes—

Lifts it.

Raises it high.

And brings it crashing down across the bloodied back of Eric Dane Jr.

CRACK!

Eric lets out a guttural, almost inhuman cry—raw, pained, and full of fury and exhaustion.

John Phillips: "That's ENOUGH! Somebody has to stop this!"

Mark Bravo: "What is the endgame here?! What does Ross want—Dane's career? His LIFE?"

The fans are deafening with their boos, the arena practically shaking from the chorus of disgust and disbelief.

The referee, on the verge of tears, is begging Chris Ross to stop...

Ross lifts the chair again, holding it above his head like a twisted executioner—

And then...

He starts to laugh.

John Phillips: "This man is laughing! He's LAUGHING!"

Blood drips from his hands, his face, his soul... and still, he laughs.

One more SLAM of the chair across Eric Dane Jr's back echoes through the arena like a gunshot—
—and then, finally...

Chris Ross lets the chair fall from his fingers. It clangs against the canvas and rolls to the side like an empty shell casing.

Ross... walks to the ropes. Steps through them. And drops to the floor.

Mark Bravo: "That's it... he's walking away. After ALL that carnage, he's just... done?"

John Phillips: "The damage is irreversible. And the only one smiling... is the man who caused it all."

Chris Ross heads up the ramp, the fans raining hate down on him in the form of boos, curses, and trash—but he doesn't flinch. He doesn't stop. He doesn't care.

Inside the ring, chaos has settled into a tense concern. Eric Dane Jr is surrounded—medical staff, agents, officials—all trying to assess the damage, to help the broken warrior breathe, move, survive.

Chris Ross continues his slow, satisfied march up the ramp, leaving behind a wake of bodies and brutality.

But in the ring... something is happening.

Among those tending to Eric Dane Jr is the ring announcer, clutching his microphone, ready to declare this contest a no-contest—or worse.

But that presence...

It gives Eric Dane Jr. just enough.

With a burst of stubborn adrenaline, Eric lunges from his laid-out position and yanks the microphone from the startled announcer's hand.

The crowd erupts in shock. Eric shoves hands away, ignoring the pleas from medical staff, crawling toward the ropes, smearing his own blood across the canvas like a war path.

John Phillips: "No... no, Eric, what are you doing?! Stay down!"

He's trembling. His body barely holds itself together. For a moment, he looks like he might pass out—

But then, through grit and pain, he rolls to his back, sucking air through bloodied lips...

And brings the mic to his face.

Silence falls over the crowd.

One long, rattled breath—

Eric Dane Jr (yelling): "ROSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!"

The sound reverberates through the arena like a war horn. Fans gasp. Cameras whip back toward the ramp—

Chris Ross stops in his tracks.

His head tilts slightly.

He turns...

...and looks back at the ring with a wicked curiosity dancing behind his eyes.

Mark Bravo: "He heard him. And that's not what he wanted to hear."

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr can barely stand. He can barely breathe! And he still wants to fight!"

Inside the ring, staff rushes back in, trying to stabilize the fallen warrior. Medics crouch beside him, reaching out, worried voices trying to talk sense into a man who won't be reasoned with.

Medic: "Eric, please—you need help. You need to stay down!"

Eric Dane Jr (roaring): "GET AWAY FROM ME!"

The command echoes with fury. The crowd gasps. A medic stumbles back in surprise. The others hesitate.

Eric Dane Jr (again): "ROSSSSSSSSSS!"

Eric's body trembles, but his will? Unshakable.

He grits his teeth, blood still pouring down his face, and throws an arm over the bottom rope, clutching it like it's the only thing tethering him to this world.

With an agonized grunt, he begins to pull himself up, inch by inch—his legs wobbling, his muscles screaming, but he refuses to fall again.

On the ramp, Chris Ross stops walking.

He slowly turns around.

Now, he's watching.

Staring.

Eric Dane Jr. is standing—barely—but standing.

John Phillips: "I don't believe it... he's on his feet!"

Mark Bravo: "If I were Chris Ross, I'd keep walking. Because that man in the ring? That's not Eric Dane Jr anymore. That's vengeance made flesh."

Eric Dane Jr. leans against the ropes, his chest heaving, his bloodied face twisted in pain—and defiance.

Eric Dane Jr: "Where do you think you're going, Chris?"

Chris Ross freezes mid-step, one foot on the stage. His head tilts, and he nearly chuckles—in disbelief, in admiration, in mockery. It's hard to tell. But it's clear... he heard that.

Eric Dane Jr (through gritted teeth): "We still..."

He tightens both fists around the top rope, his body trembling from pain and rage. Slowly, agonizingly, he pulls himself upright.

Eric Dane Jr: "...have..."

Now standing, barely, his body propped against the ropes—but his eyes burning with fire.

Eric Dane Jr (roaring): "...a match."

BOOM. The crowd erupts. A shockwave of disbelief and electricity surges through the arena.

John Phillips: "ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! After everything—that man STILL wants to fight?"

Mark Bravo: "That's not heart, Phillips. That's madness. That's legacy. That's blood. That's Eric Dane Jr!"

Everyone inside the ring—the medical staff, the officials, the timekeeper—they all freeze, stunned at what they're witnessing.

Eric Dane Jr: "Get your GOD DAMN ASS down here and get what's coming to you!"

He throws the microphone down, the crack of it hitting the mat echoing through the stunned arena.

Chris Ross stops smiling.

He stares a moment longer, then slowly nods... and starts stalking toward the ring.

The crowd is going INSANE.

John Phillips: "Oh my God... HE'S COMING BACK! HE'S COMING BACK!"

Mark Bravo: "This ain't just a match anymore. This is WAR."

Inside the ring, Eric Dane Jr. waves off everyone surrounding him. Medical staff, referees, producers—he shouts through blood-stained lips:

Eric Dane Jr: "Get the HELL outta my ring!"

He points directly down to where his father, Eric Dane Sr., lies unconscious at the bottom of the ramp. His voice cracks with fury.

Eric Dane Jr: "Help him! Help my dad!"

The crowd watches in stunned silence as the medics and staff scramble under the bottom rope and rush to Dane Sr.'s side. Back in the ring, Eric Dane Jr.'s body quivers—but it's no longer weakness. It's adrenaline. It's rage. It's the moment the son becomes the storm.

John Phillips: "He's come to life, folks! Eric Dane Jr. is running on pure fire now!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not adrenaline, John. That's legacy-fueled vengeance. That's blood for blood."

Chris Ross storms toward the ring like a man possessed, his chair discarded somewhere behind him. His boots slam against the steel ramp with thunder. He has one goal left: end it.

Reaching ringside, Ross plants one heavy boot on the steel steps. His other foot follows as he climbs to the apron. He stops mid-way, staring through the ropes.

In front of him: a blood-soaked Eric Dane Jr., chest rising and falling with labored intensity, standing tall amidst a massacre.

Ross shakes his head slightly, mouth barely moving as he speaks:

Chris Ross (mouthing): "You sure you want to do this?"

Eric doesn't answer. Instead, he slowly reaches up, wiping his face in a mock attempt to "fix his hair"—his fingers sliding through thick, caked blood matted across his scalp and cheeks.

He leans casually on the ropes now, his expression unhinged.

And then—

He grins.

That crazed, wild-eyed smile we've never seen from him before.

He throws both arms out wide, palms to the ceiling, and beckons with his fingers.

Eric Dane Jr: "COME ON!"

John Phillips: "I'm speechless. I'm absolutely speechless. He's... welcoming the pain. Inviting it!"

Mark Bravo: "That ain't a smile, Phillips. That's war paint made of blood. That man is ready for the end—and he wants it on his terms."

Chris Ross narrows his eyes. One second passes. Two. Then—with a grunt—he steps between the ropes and enters the ring once more.

And the arena prepares for a collision that might not leave anyone standing.

As Chris Ross steps between the ropes, the air turns electric. Eric Dane Jr. wastes no time—he charges forward like a man possessed. Ross meets him halfway, the two colliding chest to chest at the center of the ring, faces inches apart.

They're screaming at each other. Spit flies. The crowd is roaring. Every word is venomous, every glare deadly.

Chris Ross: "You're DONE, Dane!"

Eric Dane Jr.: "Not until I TAKE YOU WITH ME!"

The referee throws himself between them, both arms out, trying to force separation. He shouts at both men, pushing Eric back toward one corner and shoving Ross a step away.

John Phillips: "This referee's got guts—he's trying to keep some semblance of order in what's about to be a damn war zone."

Mark Bravo: "Good luck with that! This isn't a match anymore—this is a reckoning."

With both men glaring across the ring, the referee checks with each of them one last time—Eric nods, practically snarling. Ross just paces like a caged animal, waving his hand dismissively.

The referee swallows, raises his hand—

DING! DING! DING!

The bell rings. Somehow—some way—this has become official.

John Phillips: "He called for the bell! It's happening! It's official—Eric Dane Jr. versus Chris Ross, right here, right now!"

Mark Bravo: "And if that ring collapses under the weight of what's coming? No one's gonna be surprised, John. This is personal."

Chris Ross lunges first, swinging wild with a right hand meant to decapitate Eric Dane Jr.—but Dane ducks!

The crowd ROARS as Dane fires back with a right of his own—CRACK!—fist to the side of Ross' head!

John Phillips: "Dane caught him clean! That's a shot from pure adrenaline and hatred!"

Mark Bravo: "That one had receipts stamped all over it, John! Ross might still be tasting the chemicals from that extinguisher!"

Chris snarls and stumbles, but charges again—another big swing—but Eric side-steps like he saw it coming three days ago!

BAM! Another right hand from Dane connects, this time just above the temple. Ross stumbles again, more shocked than staggered!

John Phillips: "Two for two! Eric Dane Jr. is fighting on fumes, but somehow he's outsmarting the monster!"

Ross roars in frustration and throws himself forward—third time's the charm? Not tonight!

Dane jukes left, plants his feet, and BLASTS Ross with a third thunderous punch—this time the shot spins Ross all the way around, his back to Dane!

Mark Bravo: "He's on fire! Chris Ross is swinging at shadows and getting clipped every time!"

John Phillips: "Don't forget, Mark—this man's soaked in his own blood! And yet he's taking the fight to the man who tried to end his career before this even started!"

With Chris Ross spun around and dazed, Eric Dane Jr. wastes no time—he drops low and drives a stiff kick into the back of Ross' left knee!

John Phillips: "Dane's changing strategy—he's going after the wheels! Take out the legs, you take out the power!"

Chris stumbles forward, grabbing the top rope for support—but Eric doesn't let up!

Another kick—CRACK!—this time to the side of the same knee, followed by a third to the back of the opposite leg!

Mark Bravo: "He's chopping him down like a damn Redwood! This is smart—this is desperate—this is Eric Dane Jr. in survival mode!"

Chris tries to twist around, swinging a wild back elbow—but Dane ducks and dropkicks the knee again!

The crowd is coming alive as Ross drops to one knee, grimacing in pain!

John Phillips: "Ross is down on a knee! That's the first real dent anyone's put in him all night!"

Dane circles, adrenaline surging, and hits the ropes—coming back with a low running clothesline straight to Ross' chest!

Chris topples backward, crashing to the canvas!

Mark Bravo: "He got him down! He finally got him down!"

For the first time tonight, the monstrous Chris Ross is flat on his back in the center of the ring, eyes wide with fury—but Eric Dane Jr. stands tall, blood-stained and trembling, fists clenched, feeding off the chaos.

John Phillips: "What in the hell are we witnessing?! Eric Dane Jr. is still fighting! Still standing!"

Mark Bravo: "And Chris Ross is finally on his back—but how long can Dane keep him there?!"

Eric Dane Jr., still breathing heavy, stands over the fallen Chris Ross. He reaches down, grabbing a fistful of Ross' gear to pull him up—

—but in a snap, Ross' eyes flash open. Both arms shoot upward—

Mark Bravo: "Oh hell! His hands are around Dane's throat!"

Chris Ross lurches upward, lifting Dane clean off his feet by the throat!"

John Phillips: "He's choking the life out of him! Like a horror movie monster—he just won't die!

Dane's legs kick as Ross rises to both feet, eyes wild and unblinking, snarling through clenched teeth while maintaining the choke. Eric claws at Ross' wrists, gasping, sputtering—his bloodied body dangling in the air.

Mark Bravo: "He's got him up like he's nothing! This man is possessed!"

And then—

THWAP! Ross' left leg buckles, the knee that Dane targeted earlier giving out beneath him. Ross drops to a knee, releasing Eric who crumples to the mat, coughing and grasping at his throat.

John Phillips: "The damage paid off! That leg gave out! Ross had him dead to rights!"

Eric rolls to the ropes, trying to recover as he wheezes in pain, but then—his eyes lock onto Ross, still down on one knee, clutching his thigh.

Mark Bravo: "Dane sees it! He's got a window! He's got to act now!"

The fans are on their feet as Dane pulls himself upright—face crimson, chest heaving—before charging forward with everything he's got!

It's back on!

Eric Dane Jr. charges forward—

THWACK! A brutal knee strike connects flush with Chris Ross' jaw!"

John Phillips: "Down goes Ross! He's out! He might be out cold!"

But the momentum carries Dane with him, and he collapses to the mat beside his enemy. Both men motionless. Both men spent.

Mark Bravo: "Dane gave everything he had in that strike! And it worked—but now he's got nothing left!"

The camera pans in on the carnage: Chris Ross lying on his back, his chest rising in shallow breaths, leg twitching from the earlier damage. Eric Dane Jr., his face still stained in streaks of dried blood, stares blankly toward the lights above the ring.

John Phillips: "These two have absolutely torn each other apart. This is war. This is what it means to fight on the biggest stage—"

The referee kneels beside them, checking on both competitors before rising to his feet. He waves his arms—

Referee: "ONE!"

Mark Bravo: "The ten count has started. If neither of them makes it up—this thing could be over right now."

Referee: "TWO!"

Dane stirs—just slightly. One arm twitches.

Referee: "THREE!"

Chris Ross' foot moves, dragging across the canvas. His fingers begin to flex.

Referee: "FOUR!"

John Phillips: "They're alive... barely. But are they conscious enough to continue?"

Referee: "FIVE!"

Eric Dane Jr. plants his palms down and starts crawling—slow, sluggish, every movement looks like agony. On the other side, Chris Ross begins to drag himself by his elbows toward the ropes.

Referee: "SIX!"

Mark Bravo: "This crowd's rallying! They want it. They NEED it!"

Referee: "SEVEN!"

Dane reaches the ropes, grabbing the middle strand like a lifeline. Ross grabs the bottom rope, clutching his way up like a man drowning.

Referee: "EIGHT!"

Eric gets one knee under him. Chris pulls on the top rope, his body trembling as he drags himself up.

Referee: "NINE!"

In a near-simultaneous moment, both men stagger upright using the ropes on opposite ends of the ring—just in the nick of time.

John Phillips: "They beat the count! They beat the damn count!"

Mark Bravo: "What in God's name is keeping these two men going!? This is unreal!"

Chris Ross, with fire in his eyes and rage in his chest, is the first to truly come to. He locks eyes on Eric Dane Jr. still clinging to the ropes in a haze of blood and pain.

John Phillips: "Ross is on the move again—he's charging!"

With a roar, Ross explodes across the ring at full speed, barreling toward his target like a freight train.

Mark Bravo: "WATCH OUT, DANE!"

But in a desperate flash of ring awareness, Eric Dane Jr. ducks low—

CLANG! The top rope springs downward as Dane yanks it with every ounce of his strength—

John Phillips: "OH MY GOD! CHRIS ROSS IS GONE!"

Chris Ross rockets forward and vaults up and over the top rope, his momentum sending him twisting through the air—before CRASHING down onto the ringside floor with sickening force.

CROWD: "HOLY S***! HOLY S***!"

Mark Bravo: "That man just got launched like a cannonball! Ross is out of control and now—out of the ring!"

Eric Dane Jr. collapses back to his knees, his chest heaving as he struggles to breathe, his arms trembling as they hang loosely over the middle rope. Blood coats his body like war paint—head to toe, he's a crimson-drenched mess.

John Phillips: "He's... he's barely conscious. He doesn't even know what he just did. This man is operating on nothing but fumes and fury!"

Outside the ring, Chris Ross writhes in pain, one leg twisted awkwardly under him, his hand slamming into the floor in frustration and agony. Referee checks from the inside as the fans chant in frenzied unison.

CROWD: "UTA! UTA! UTA!"

Eric Dane Jr. gasps, sucking air like a man returning from the dead. His eyes shoot open—wild, desperate, alive.

With blood still dripping down his face, soaking every inch of his skin and gear, he plants his palms to the canvas and begins to push up. It's slow. It's shaky. But somehow... he's standing.

John Phillips: "HOW?! There's no medical explanation—there's nothing left in that man's body!"

Dane stumbles forward and grips the top rope, looking over it to the chaos below.

Mark Bravo: "He sees Ross—he sees his shot. But what is he even thinking...?"

Eric turns slowly... eyes locking on the corner.

John Phillips: "No... Don't tell me... no way. He can't."

The crowd rises to their feet in a wave of disbelief as Eric Dane Jr., step by agonizing step, begins to ascend the turnbuckles.

Mark Bravo: "He's going up top. The man can barely breathe and he's going... up top."

The arena buzz reaches a fever pitch. Dane reaches the top turnbuckle, wobbles—but catches his balance.

CROWD: "THIS IS AWESOME!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

Outside, Chris Ross rolls to his side. Groaning. Reaching. Oblivious.

He finds the commentary table—using it to steady himself. The camera angle shifts—Chris Ross' face in full frame—his lips curling into a snarl of pain...

Until his eyes go wide.

Behind him—above him—is Eric Dane Jr.

John Phillips: "LOOK OUT!"

BOOM! Eric Dane Jr. leaps—flesh, blood, and fire crashing through the sky—

CRASH!! Both men slam violently to the floor below, bodies exploding in impact.

Mark Bravo: "OH MY GOD! They're dead! They have to be! Somebody check on them—STOP THE MATCH!"

The crowd loses its mind. Officials are stunned. Even the referee in the ring just stares down in utter disbelief.

CROWD: "HOLY S***! HOLY S***!"

John Phillips: "It has to be over. There's no coming back from that. That was... inhuman."

The referee looks back and forth, helpless for a moment. He doesn't know what to do. But protocol kicks in.

John Phillips: "I—I think he's gonna count. He has to!"

With wide eyes and a heavy heart, the referee slides back into the ring and begins the mandatory ten count.

Referee: ONE!

Outside, the wreckage stirs. Somehow, impossibly... both men begin to move.

Referee: "TWO!"

Eric Dane Jr. crawls toward the ring, blood smearing in a trail behind him.

Referee: "THREE!"

Chris Ross pushes to all fours... but his knee buckles again, sending him crashing to his side.

Mark Bravo: "That knee—Ross' leg is gone!"

Referee: "FOUR!"

Eric grabs the apron and hauls himself up, eyes barely open.

Referee: "FIVE!"

Ross snarls, pain replaced with desperation. He lunges forward, grabbing Dane by the ankle and yanks him back down!

Referee: "SIX!"

John Phillips: "NO! Ross is gonna steal it!"

Referee: "SEVEN!"

Mark Bravo: "I can't believe it!"

Referee: "EIGHT!"

Chris drags himself, bit by bit, and throws his upper body toward the ring. One final burst—he tries to slide in!

Referee: "NINE!"

But—his knee gives out again! Ross crashes to the mat outside, face contorted in agony and rage.

Referee: "TEN!! He calls for the bell!"

Mark Bravo: "It's a DOUBLE COUNT OUT! This war has no winner tonight!"

Chris Ross slams his fist into the floor over and over again, screaming in frustration. Eric Dane Jr. doesn't move—he just lays still, chest heaving, face a crimson mask.

John Phillips: "I don't even know what to say. These men... they just went to hell. And back. And maybe back again."

Medical staff rushes toward both men—stabilizing Dane first. They're trying to place him onto a gurney.

Chris Ross pulls himself upright using the ring, but he's limping badly, his face pale with pain. Officials swarm him. At first, he fights them off, but eventually... he relents. He lets them help him stand.

Mark Bravo: "He can't even walk... but look at him. Look at his eyes."

Ross' eyes are locked on Eric Dane Jr.

John Phillips: "Say what you will about the hate, the blood, the chaos... but if there wasn't respect before... there might be now."

Officials ease Dane onto the stretcher... but suddenly—shouts from the crowd surrounding Dane!

Mark Bravo: "Wait—wait, what's that?! There's commotion down here!"

Just when things begin to calm... they erupt again.

Eric Dane Jr, barely breathing, eyes bloodshot and filled with fury, shoves away the medics. He rolls off the gurney like a man possessed, hitting the floor with a thud.

John Phillips: "NO! WHAT IS HE DOING?!"

He grabs the end of the gurney... turns it sideways... and aims it straight at Chris Ross.

Mark Bravo: "Oh my GOD—"

The staff trying to help Chris see what's coming and leap out of the way.

Ross turns around just in time to get CRUSHED in the midsection by the steel frame of the gurney, slamming him into the barricade with violent force!

John Phillips: "HE'S SNAPPED! ERIC DANE JR. HAS ABSOLUTELY SNAPPED!"

Dane lets out a primal roar, the kind that echoes through eternity, and charges back toward the ring.

He stops. He turns. He locks eyes on his prey.

Mark Bravo: "Don't do it, kid. Don't—"

He sprints back at full tilt, leaps up onto the gurney like a launching pad, and drives his leg across Chris Ross' face with a death-defying move that sends the entire steel cart flipping onto its side!

John Phillips: "OH MY GOD!! THE GURNEY IS FLIPPED! THEY'RE BOTH DOWN!"

The arena is in chaos. The fans are screaming. Security rushes in. Medical staff, referees, producers—EVERYONE is out there now.

Eric tries to rise—he can't. His body finally begins to shut down.

Chris Ross tries to push up—his knee gives again. He collapses.

Staff dives in to separate them but the two warriors refuse to stop.

Eric Dane Jr: "LET ME AT HIM!!!"

Eric Dane Jr: "I WILL KILL HIM!!!"

Chris Ross, eyes wide and wild again, tries to crawl through the sea of humanity toward Dane.

Mark Bravo: "This isn't a match anymore. This isn't a rivalry. This is war."

It takes over a dozen officials and security to restrain them both. Still, they claw and thrash to get free, hate burning brighter than any spotlight.

John Phillips: "Look at them! Look at them! It took the entire damn locker room to break this up!"

The final shot before fading out is Eric Dane Jr. being pulled in one direction, Chris Ross the other... both men screaming, bleeding, and refusing to break eye contact.

Mark Bravo: "If you think this is over, then you haven't been paying attention."

Fade to black.

Long Live Valkyrie

Segment

We cut to a backstage. The camera centers on Melissa Cartwright, standing by with the reigning UTA Women's Champion, Valkyrie Knox. The champion is dressed in her ring gear, title slung over her shoulder like armor, her expression calm but intense.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with the UTA Women's Champion, Valkyrie Knox, just moments before she defends her title in what is being called one of the most anticipated matches in UTA history. Valkyrie, your opponent tonight — Marie Van Claudio — is a legend in this company. She's coming out of retirement for one last shot at glory. What's your mindset heading into a match like this?"

Valkyrie slowly looks over at Melissa, her eyes sharp — but there's no anger in her tone, just cold certainty.

Valkyrie Knox: "It's admirable. Really — it is. Marie Van Claudio stepping out of the shadows of retirement, lacing up those boots, chasing one last run at the top. That takes guts."

She pauses, adjusting the title on her shoulder.

Valkyrie Knox: "But it's also stupid. Because this isn't the same UTA she once ruled. This isn't nostalgia night. This is WrestleUTA: 25. My show. My division. My time."

The camera zooms in slightly as her voice grows more resolute.

Valkyrie Knox: "I respect what Marie Van Claudio represents. But tonight isn't about the past. It's about the future. And I am the future. The future of the UTA. The leader of this women's division. And when the bell rings, Marie's going to learn — painfully — that her era is over."

She stares directly into the lens, the UTA Women's Championship gleaming in the light like a warning.

Valkyrie Knox: "Long live the Valkyrie."

With that, Valkyrie turns and walks off toward the arena tunnel, leaving Melissa silent for a beat as the shot fades back to ringside.

The War Continues

Segment

Backstage chaos. The camera is shaky as it rushes toward the emergency bay of the T-Mobile Arena. Sirens wail in the distance as EMTs are seen wheeling a motionless Eric Dane Sr. into the back of an ambulance. His face is barely visible, obscured by a mask and neck brace. Eric Dane Jr., drenched in blood and fury, paces nearby, screaming at the medical staff.

Eric Dane Jr.: "MOVE FASTER! DAMN IT, THAT'S MY FATHER!"

Officials try to corral him, urging him toward a second waiting ambulance.

Agent #1: "Eric — you're bleeding out. We need to get you looked at!"

Agent #2: "C'mon, kid. We've got another rig right here, let's go."

Eric brushes them off, eyes locked on the back of the first ambulance as the doors are pulled shut with a slam.

Suddenly, like a missile from out of frame — Chris Ross barrels into the scene, clotheslining Eric Dane Jr. so hard they both collapse against the side of the second ambulance.

John Phillips (voiceover): "OH COME ON! Not again! Chris Ross just jumped him!"

Mark Bravo (voiceover): "This man has no boundaries! The match is over, his father's being hauled off, and Ross still isn't finished?"

The two men brawl violently on the pavement — fists flying, elbows connecting. Eric Dane Jr. swings wildly despite his weakened state, connecting with a punch that sends Ross stumbling into a stack of medical equipment. Ross retaliates by slamming Dane Jr.'s shoulder into the ambulance door.

Officials and security flood the scene.

Security #1: "Break it up! BACK OFF!"

Security #2: "Get Ross out of here — NOW!"

It takes five security members to drag Chris Ross away, still yelling profanity. Another team tries to restrain Eric Dane Jr., who breaks free for a moment to throw another punch before collapsing back to his knees, out of breath, blood smeared down his cheek and neck.

Mark Bravo (voiceover): "What the hell did we just witness? This thing between Dane Jr. and Ross is far from over."

John Phillips (voiceover): "You want to talk about violence? You want to talk about grudges? This might be bigger than just one match."

EMTs force Eric into the second ambulance. Chris Ross is dragged down the hall, still grinning. The door slams shut, and the screen fades to black.

Forget the Past

Segment

The camera opens on Melissa Cartwright, standing in front of the WrestleUTA: 25 backdrop with microphone in hand. Beside her, the imposing figure of UTA Champion Brick Bronson towers with the championship slung over his shoulder, his face locked in a scowl.

Melissa Cartwright: "Brick, Raging Dead make the bold claim that he is still the rightful UTA Champion. What was going through your head when you heard that?"

Brick doesn't answer right away. He clenches his jaw, nostrils flaring as he shifts the title higher up on his shoulder.

Brick Bronson: "What was going through my head?"

He leans in slightly, voice low and biting.

Brick Bronson: "That he's out of his damn mind."

He lifts the UTA Championship into full view.

Brick Bronson: "There's only ONE UTA Champion. And you're lookin' at him. That walking corpse? That nostalgia act? He's just another figment of the past trying to claw his way back into something he doesn't belong in anymore."

He turns his glare toward the camera.

Brick Bronson: "Raging Dead. Marie Van Claudio. Jarvis Valentine. Chris Ross. You know what they all have in common? They're too stupid to realize that their time is over. The only difference is how loud they scream on the way down."

Melissa raises her mic again, clearly caught off-guard by the intensity.

Melissa Cartwright: "What about veterans like The Spectre and Sean Jackson—?"

Brick Bronson: "At least they're smart enough to know they're nothing more than once-in-a-while special attractions. Little bursts of nostalgia to keep the geriatrics from changing the channel during prime time."

He adjusts his grip on the belt and steps forward with purpose.

Brick Bronson: "Tonight, I finish Raging Dead. I bury him. He's not a legend. He's not the boogeyman. He's not some mystical undead force. He's an annoyance—and once I'm done with him, we can finally get back to talking about real competition."

He glares into the camera, breathing heavy, before storming off screen.

Melissa watches him go, stunned into silence as the shot fades to black.

Valkyrie Knox vs. Marie Van Claudio

Match

The lights in the WrestleUTA arena dim to a soft flicker as a single spotlight sways across the entrance stage. A hush falls over the buzzing crowd. On the big screen, the words shimmer:

"The First Lady Returns"

Then...

? "Forever & Ever" by Lacey Sturm ft. Lindsey Stirling ?

The delicate piano and strings intro begins as a lone strobe light pulses softly through the darkness. The crowd starts to murmur, then swell with cheers. As the violin pierces through the melody, a shimmer of gold outlines the figure of a woman standing center stage — backlit, graceful, unmoving.

John Phillips: "That's her. That's her. The original First Lady of the UTA. The former Women's Champion. The cornerstone of this division before there ever was a division."

Mark Bravo: "If you watched UTA women's matches... this is your icon right here. And she's back to claim what was once hers."

Marie Van Claudio steps forward under the light, wearing a long, shimmering white and red cape with silver trim — embroidered with the words: "Veilbreaker" in flowing cursive script. Her signature robe from her championship days. Her eyes scan the crowd, and the emotion is unmistakable — not overplayed, but earned.

Announcer: "Hailing from Montreal, Quebec, Canada..."

Marie pauses halfway down the ramp. Her gaze sweeps left to right, soaking it in. Fans chant her name. Some hold up signs: "Welcome Home, Marie!" — "Still The First Lady" — "Legacy Over Everything".

Announcer: "She is the original — the one — the only... MARIE VAN CLAUDIO!"

Marie walks the rest of the ramp slowly, each step measured, almost ceremonial. She climbs the ring steps, stops at the apron, and wipes her feet before entering. The referee opens the ropes for her out of respect. Once inside, Marie unclasps her cape and hands it off — revealing a form-fitting, crimson-accented gear set designed like an homage to her 2016 title win. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath at center ring, mouthing: "This is for them."

John Phillips: "She doesn't just want this. She needs this. For her legacy. For her daughters. For every woman that walked away before she got her flowers."

The arena fades to black. Silence.

BOOM! — A thunderclap shakes the speakers.

Dark purple strobes flash. A war horn bellows. Lightning flashes across the tron screen, revealing jagged mountain peaks and frost-covered runes.

? "You Should See Me in a Crown" by Billie Ellis ?

The screen splits into ancient stone lettering:

VALKYRIE KNOX

Smoke floods the ramp. From the mist emerges a tall, imposing figure clad in black and steel — Valkyrie Knox — draped in her battle cloak, shoulders squared, a steel-spiked gauntlet raised high toward the rafters. She strides through the smoke like a war goddess returning to her throne.

Mark Bravo: "No fear. No hesitation. Just dominance. That is a walking monument to power, and she is the reigning UTA Women's Champion for a reason."

John Phillips: "And for everyone thinking this will be a coronation for Marie Van Claudio — Valkyrie Knox didn't come here to bow. She came to conquer."

She stops at the edge of the ramp, surveying the arena like it's her battlefield. The lights shimmer cold purple as thunder rumbles again. The UTA Women's Championship gleams across her waist like a divine relic.

Announcer: "And her opponent — hailing from Reykjavik, Iceland... she is the reigning and defending UTA Women's Champion... VALKYRIE KNOX!"

Valkyrie climbs onto the apron with a single, powerful step. She stares down Marie through the ropes, eyes ice cold. Then, she enters the ring and unclasps her cloak with a metallic rip, revealing battle gear lined in runic sigils and frost-toned leather. She raises her spiked gauntlet once more — thunder cracks as the crowd roars back in awe.

Mark Bravo: "This is sacred ground now. That championship — that fight — is about to become one for the ages."

John Phillips: "There's history... and then there's legacy. Two women. One championship. One moment to etch into WrestleUTA: 25 forever."

The referee takes the title belt, holding it high between them. The crowd rises as one. Flashbulbs. Signs. Tension. Destiny.

The UTA Women's Championship glistens in the spotlight as the referee presents it to all four sides of the ring. Both competitors lock eyes. No movement. No sound. Just the drum of expectation from the capacity crowd.

DING! DING! DING!

The bell echoes through the T-Mobile Arena in Las Vegas. Valkyrie Knox and Marie Van Claudio step toward one another, closing the distance until they stand face-to-face at the center of the ring. Neither woman blinks. Neither flinches.

The atmosphere is electric — past and present converging under the bright lights of WrestleUTA: 25.

John Phillips: "This is what it's all about. A legacy revived. A legacy earned. The First Lady of the UTA versus the champion of the now."

Mark Bravo: "You can feel it — the tension, the respect, the storm that's about to break loose. You don't get moments like this every day, Phillips."

The fans begin to rumble, building like thunder across the rafters. Valkyrie slowly raises her right fist high into the air — not a threat, but a declaration.

John Phillips: "The war gauntlet raised. That's not just a pose — that's a message to every woman who steps in that ring. 'I run this now.'"

The fans react in kind — a loud, unified roar surging upward in reverence and excitement. The UTA Women's Champion stands proud and defiant.

Marie smirks, nodding slowly as if to say: "Alright then." She offers a small, genuine clap — one, two, three measured applause, never breaking eye contact.

Mark Bravo: "That's legacy recognizing power. Marie Van Claudio isn't backing down — she's just showing she knows what she's up against."

Then, Marie holds up a single index finger. A playful, almost theatrical pause. The crowd responds with anticipation.

John Phillips: "Wait — what's she doing?"

Marie turns and walks toward the far corner. Calmly. Confidently. She steps onto the bottom rope, then the second. And finally — the top turnbuckle.

She raises both arms high into the air, fingers spread, palms wide. The reaction is deafening.

Mark Bravo: "Listen to this place explode! The First Lady hasn't lost a step in the hearts of these fans!"

Flashes from smartphones pop across the crowd as chants of "MVC! MVC!" begin to rise, echoing through the T-Mobile Arena like echoes from another era.

John Phillips: "We are standing in the eye of a generational collision. One woman is the face of now... the other, the heartbeat of everything that came before."

Marie hops down, landing gracefully on her feet, locking eyes once again with Valkyrie. Both women nod... and step forward.

The crowd roars again — louder now — ready for battle. The air tightens. Time slows. And the fight is about to begin.

Both women remain locked in eye contact as they begin to slowly circle the center of the ring. No sudden movements. Just two masters of the craft, reading the rhythm of the moment.

John Phillips: "You can cut the tension with a blade. These two aren't just here to fight — they're here to prove something to each other."

Mark Bravo: "It's a generational clash, Phillips. One built an empire, the other rules it now. But tonight? Only one of them leaves the throne room."

They lunge in for the first collar-and-elbow tie-up. Valkyrie gets the leverage, muscling Marie backward a half-step.

John Phillips: "Look at the raw strength from the champion. That's nearly 50 pounds of power advantage, and it's not just for show."

But Marie shifts her hips, pivots, and uses Valkyrie's momentum to turn her around — driving her backward into the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "Marie still has the instincts. That's years of ring generalship in motion — using the champ's power against her."

The referee calls for a clean break — and they give it. The crowd applauds. No cheap shots. Just respect. For now.

Another tie-up — this time Marie ducks low, snatches a side headlock, and wrenches in tight.

John Phillips: "Marie shifting the pace here. She's not trying to overpower Valkyrie — she's looking to control the tempo, slow the storm."

But Valkyrie stands tall, wraps her arms around Marie's waist, and simply lifts her off the mat — deadlift-style — before throwing her backward with a mat return.

Mark Bravo: "And that right there? That's a woman who squatted trees for fun back in Iceland."

Marie rolls through and pops back to her feet, eyes wide — a flicker of amusement in her smile.

John Phillips: "She wasn't expecting that... but she respects it."

They reset, circling again. The fans clap in unison. The two women close distance. Marie fakes a lock-up — instead, she shoots low for a drop toe hold —

— Valkyrie leaps over it, landing solidly on both feet behind her!

Mark Bravo: "Uh-oh! Not today!"

Marie turns just in time to duck under a sweeping lariat. She spins behind Valkyrie and goes for a waistlock —

— but Valkyrie fires off a wild back elbow! Marie narrowly ducks, keeping her grip!

John Phillips: "Counter for counter — this is pure rhythm, like jazz with fists!"

Marie tries for a schoolgirl pin—

ONE—

T—NO!

Valkyrie powers out and both roll to opposite corners — and rise simultaneously. The arena pops as they reset.

Mark Bravo: "Nobody's blinked. Nobody's slipped. You ever seen two pros dance on a tightrope like this?"

They close in again. This time Valkyrie fakes a grapple and swings with a big boot — Marie ducks — answers with a spinning heel kick — Valkyrie leans back and just avoids it!

John Phillips: "That would've taken her head off! Marie showing that spark from her prime — and Valkyrie, calm as a glacier, doesn't even flinch."

They reset once more. The crowd stands to its feet, clapping hard now.

Marie exhales deeply. Valkyrie rolls her neck and raises her hands again. They nod. Mutual respect. Mutual danger.

Mark Bravo: "I don't know about you, but I could watch these two counter each other for the next twenty minutes."

John Phillips: "That's the beauty of pro wrestling, Mark. When it's done right? It's a symphony. And this is only the overture."

The mutual nod fades, replaced by focus. Marie begins to circle again, lighter on her feet now — the veteran instincts kicking in. She feints left, ducks low, and goes for a quick single-leg pickup—

— but Valkyrie plants her foot, sprawls down, and stuffs the attempt. With a grunt, she grabs Marie by the waist and powers her clean off the mat into a gutwrench suplex!

John Phillips: "Oh! Gutwrench suplex with authority! That's 182 pounds of torque slamming Marie to the canvas!"

Marie clutches her lower back as she scrambles to her feet — only for Valkyrie to rush in and level her with a short-arm lariat that nearly folds her in half.

Mark Bravo: "That's not a lariat — that's a blizzard hitting you in the chest!"

The crowd winces in unison as Marie rolls to her knees. Valkyrie wastes no time, yanking her back up and tossing her into the corner with a two-hand whip. Marie slams hard into the turnbuckles.

Before she can even drop, Valkyrie barrels in and crushes her with a corner body avalanche!

John Phillips: "That's a freight train from Reykjavik!"

Marie sags against the ropes, gasping — her ribs compressed from the impact. Valkyrie grips her by the wrist again, pulls her forward, and spins into a thunderous spinebuster at center ring.

Mark Bravo: "I felt that all the way up here! Valkyrie's not just imposing — she's precise."

The champion sits up slowly, brushing her hair back from her face. No words. No roar. Just that cold intensity. She grabs Marie by the shoulders and lifts her again — deadlift German suplex! She bridges—

ONE—

TWO—

Marie kicks out!

John Phillips: "She got the shoulder up! But Marie's in deep water now — Valkyrie's power game is fully online."

Valkyrie doesn't argue the count. She simply rises, pulls Marie up, and hoists her with ease into a gorilla press position — the crowd gasps as she walks slowly around the ring with Marie overhead!

Mark Bravo: "Look at this! That's a grown woman she's carrying like a sack of flour — and making it look effortless!"

With a roar, Valkyrie drops Marie with a thunderous powerslam that rattles the canvas. The crowd responds with stunned awe.

The referee checks on Marie as Valkyrie paces backward, breathing steady. Still no shouting. No taunting. Just methodical destruction.

John Phillips: "This is what Valkyrie Knox does. She dissects opponents piece by piece. It's not rage — it's control."

Valkyrie stands over Marie, who's clutching her ribs, struggling to breathe. Slowly, the champion raises her right arm again — the spiked gauntlet pointed to the rafters.

The crowd rumbles — half in admiration, half in fear.

Mark Bravo: "When she raises that gauntlet, you know the pain's just begun."

Valkyrie turns back to Marie — ready to continue the punishment — but the First Lady of UTA starts crawling toward the ropes, determination still flickering in her eyes.

John Phillips: "She's not done yet. Not by a long shot. But right now? The champion owns this match."

Valkyrie stalks Marie with measured footsteps, not rushing, not panicking. She yanks the challenger off the mat by the wrist and slings her into the corner again — spine meeting turnbuckles with a dull crack.

John Phillips: "The ring is shrinking for Marie Van Claudio. She's getting no time to breathe — and Valkyrie's not letting up."

Valkyrie charges once more — another corner avalanche — this time driving the full weight of her frame into Marie's chest and ribs. Marie collapses to a seated position, clutching her midsection as the crowd groans at the impact.

Mark Bravo: "You hear that? That's not just a hit — that's a breaking point."

The referee steps in momentarily to check on Marie, but Valkyrie backs up without protest, breathing heavily through her nose like a dragon ready to charge again.

She grabs Marie's leg, yanks her out of the corner, and hoists her up again — this time into a fireman's carry. Valkyrie takes two steps and drops Marie neck-first across the top rope with a hangman stun. Marie crumbles to the apron,

gasping.

John Phillips: "A brutal stun across the rope! That'll cut off your oxygen, rattle your spine — and worse, it's legal!"

Marie dangles half-out of the ring, one arm limp over the second rope. The ref checks again — but Valkyrie is already moving, grabbing her by the hair and dragging her onto the apron.

Mark Bravo: "Uh oh. This is Valkyrie's domain now — the apron is hers."

The fans gasp as Valkyrie pulls Marie up and hooks her thighs — APRIL POWERBOMB! The apron shakes violently as Marie's back collides with the edge!

John Phillips: "Apron powerbomb! The hardest part of the ring — and Valkyrie just weaponized it!"

Marie slumps to the floor like a sack of bricks. The official slides out to check on her as Valkyrie kneels on the apron, silent, staring down at her fallen opponent with a cold, ruthless calm.

Mark Bravo: "She hasn't said a word all match. That's not silence — that's confidence. That's danger."

The referee calls out to Marie, asking if she can continue. She stirs — barely. The crowd claps rhythmically, trying to will her upward.

John Phillips: "This crowd is trying to breathe life back into The First Lady. But how do you bounce back from this?"

Valkyrie stands, steps off the apron, and rolls Marie back under the ropes with surgical efficiency. She slides in after her and covers.

ONE—

TWO—

T—Marie gets the shoulder up!

Mark Bravo: "Still alive! Somehow, some way — Marie is still alive!"

Valkyrie doesn't flinch. She pulls Marie up one more time, hooks her arm around the neck — she's signaling for the Top-Rope Superplex.

John Phillips: "She's not just trying to win — she's trying to end Marie's return permanently!"

The champion leads the staggering Marie to the corner. One heavy forearm to the back. Another. Valkyrie climbs up, dragging Marie with her — setting up for the superplex—

— but something sparks in Marie's eyes. Her fingers dig into Valkyrie's side. She blocks it. The crowd starts to stir. She throws a punch to Valkyrie's ribs — and another — and another!

Mark Bravo: "Hold on—wait a second! Is this it?!"

Valkyrie wobbles slightly. Marie throws a headbutt that stuns the champion! The crowd erupts as Marie pushes her backward—

— Valkyrie loses her balance and drops down off the second rope, staggering back!

John Phillips: "There it is! A crack in the armor!"

Marie stays perched on the second rope, still gasping for breath, but eyes locked in now — the comeback is loading.

Mark Bravo: "The First Lady's heart is still beating — and Vegas is about to blow the roof off if she rallies now!"

Marie remains on the second rope, chest heaving, fingertips clutching the top turnbuckle for support. Valkyrie staggers a few feet back, blinking through the haze of that headbutt — not down, but definitely rattled.

John Phillips: "That may be the first real damage Valkyrie's taken all match. Marie's not just surviving — she's fighting her way back."

The crowd roars as Marie steadies herself, then leaps off with a missile dropkick—

— and connects cleanly! Valkyrie's sent sprawling to the mat, rolling to one knee as the crowd explodes!

Mark Bravo: "Direct hit! Marie Van Claudio just launched herself like a cannonball and dropped the damn champion!"

Marie scrambles up, still aching, still clutching her ribs — but moving. She charges — Valkyrie rises — and Marie slaps her across the face with defiance!

John Phillips: "That's not just offense — that's a statement! That's Marie saying 'I'm still here!'"

Valkyrie reels back — more stunned by the audacity than the force. She growls, swings a wild lariat—

— Marie ducks under, hits the ropes, rebounds with a flying forearm that stuns Valkyrie again!

Mark Bravo: "She's stringing it together now! Little sparks — little embers — and this crowd knows what's coming next!"

Marie backs into the corner, urging Valkyrie to stand. The champion rises, groggy but defiant. Marie charges for a spinning heel kick —

— but Valkyrie catches the leg in midair!

John Phillips: "Oh no! She got caught — and that's bad news."

Valkyrie lifts Marie off balance — but Marie twists into a tilt-a-whirl rollup!

ONE—

TWO—

NO! Valkyrie powers out again!

Both women roll through. Valkyrie charges — but Marie sidesteps and pulls the ropes down — sending the champion spilling over to the outside!

Mark Bravo: "Whoa! Valkyrie just got dumped to the floor! Marie's not just back — she's controlling the pace now!"

Valkyrie lands hard, but she's already pushing herself back to her feet outside the ring. Marie looks to the crowd — and they're on their feet. Chanting her name. Waving her forward.

John Phillips: "This is the moment... this is the shift."

Marie hits the far ropes, gains momentum — and comes soaring through the ropes with a suicide dive right into Valkyrie's chest!

CRASH!

Both women collapse to the floor as the T-Mobile Arena comes unglued!

Mark Bravo: "The First Lady just threw herself like a rocket into a war machine — and she might've cracked the armor!"

John Phillips: "And listen to this crowd — Las Vegas just became Montreal South!"

Marie stirs first. She crawls to the barricade, pulling herself up slowly as Valkyrie clutches her shoulder on the floor. The referee begins the count...

Referee: "ONE!"

Marie rolls back into the ring to break the count — and immediately turns, standing tall now, chest heaving. She looks

down at the champion outside... and the crowd knows what's coming.

Mark Bravo: "Hold on... is she about to fly again?"

The crowd is on their feet — roaring — as Marie Van Claudio sizes up the outside. Valkyrie Knox pulls herself up with one hand on the barricade.

John Phillips: "She's not done. She's just getting started. This crowd believes in Marie — and tonight, she might believe in herself again."

Marie hits the ropes — full speed — rebounds and dives through the ropes with a tope suicida that drills Valkyrie against the barricade!

Mark Bravo: "Like a missile! A damn guided missile! And Valkyrie's the one eating steel this time!"

Marie rises, feeding off the noise. Her fists clench. Her face contorts with fire. She grabs Valkyrie and rolls her back into the ring, climbing onto the apron herself.

Valkyrie stirs, getting to her feet slowly—

Marie slingshots in with a springboard forearm!

John Phillips: "Springboard and connects! Right on the button!"

The champion staggers to a knee. Marie hits the ropes again — flipping neckbreaker! She covers—

ONE—

TWO—

NO!

Mark Bravo: "It's not over yet — but Valkyrie's getting rocked!"

Marie slaps the mat, rallying the fans, the chant echoing: "MA-RIE! MA-RIE!"

She hauls Valkyrie up — snap DDT!

John Phillips: "Vintage Van Claudio! That's the same DDT that dropped Kathryn Velmont Thomas back in 2015!"

Marie grabs Valkyrie's legs — turns her over—

SHARPSHOOTER! The crowd explodes as Valkyrie is trapped in the center of the ring!

Mark Bravo: "She's got it locked in deep! The Sharpshooter! We could be seconds away from a new Women's Champion!"

Valkyrie howls — the first sound of pain she's made all match — her fists pounding the canvas. She claws toward the ropes—

John Phillips: "Valkyrie's in trouble! We've never seen her like this — desperate, scrambling!"

Marie leans back, torquing harder — the pain shooting through Valkyrie's spine — but the champion digs deeper, reaches out—

And grabs the bottom rope! The referee breaks the hold. The crowd groans, but Marie doesn't protest. She drags Valkyrie back up—

— Facebuster! Marie plants her with authority!

Mark Bravo: "That's the move that won her the first Women's Championship! She's going for the pin!"

ONE—

TWO—

TH—Valkyrie kicks out!

John Phillips: "SO close! Inches from immortality for The First Lady!"

Marie doesn't slow down — she backs into the corner, eyes wide, arms waving—

Mark Bravo: "She's calling for it — she's going for the Poisonrana!"

Valkyrie begins to rise, dazed. Marie bounces in place, urging her on. The champion finally stands—

Marie charges — leaps — spins—

John Phillips: "POISON—"

— but Valkyrie catches her in midair! Power surges through her body as she yanks Marie into a backbreaker across her knee!

Mark Bravo: "OH NO! She caught her! She CAUGHT her!"

John Phillips: "Marie went for the kill — and Valkyrie just crushed the counter-attack!"

Both women collapse — Valkyrie on her knees, Marie flat on the mat — and the crowd is on its feet in disbelief.

Mark Bravo: "This is a classic, John. I don't care how it ends — this is one for the record books."

The T-Mobile Arena buzzes with tension as both women lie still. Marie Van Claudio is sprawled on the mat, chest rising and falling. Valkyrie Knox remains on her knees — not moving to attack, not even catching her breath... just staring.

John Phillips: "Look at Valkyrie... she's not rushing to capitalize. She's not even moving. Something's happening here."

Mark Bravo: "You're seeing the weight of history, man. That's not just an opponent lying there — that's the Marie Van Claudio."

Valkyrie looks down at Marie with a conflicted expression. Her cold, stoic mask has cracked ever so slightly. She slowly leans forward, resting one hand on her own knee, breathing hard.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knox has dismantled people without blinking — but tonight? She's showing something she's never shown in that ring before."

The camera zooms in. Valkyrie's lips move, barely audible as she whispers, eyes down:

Valkyrie Knox: "I'm sorry."

The crowd gasps — not from volume, but from meaning. The champion gathers herself and reaches down, slowly pulling Marie up by the wrist.

Mark Bravo: "She doesn't want to do this. But she knows she has to."

Valkyrie hooks Marie's arms, spinning her into position — the setup for the Valknut Driver. She lifts her — high — into the air...

John Phillips: "She's going to end it! Valknut Driver incoming—"

— but Marie kicks her legs! She wriggles — shifts her weight — and slips down Valkyrie's back!

Mark Bravo: "WAIT — SHE'S OUT OF IT!"

Marie lands on her feet — spins — POISONRANA!!! She plants Valkyrie's head into the mat with explosive force!

John Phillips: "SHE HIT IT! OUT OF NOWHERE! MARIE VAN CLAUDIO JUST FLIPPED THE CHAMPION INTO NEXT WEEK!"

The crowd erupts — the loudest roar of the night — as Valkyrie flips over and lands hard on her back, arms splayed. Marie collapses beside her, spent, drained, but alive.

Mark Bravo: "She looked death in the face — said 'Not yet!' — and turned the whole damn match upside down!"

John Phillips: "What looked like the end just became the spark. She turned respect... into resistance."

Both women lie motionless as the crowd chants:

"THIS IS AWESOME! THIS IS AWESOME!"

The camera cuts to close-ups — Marie clutching her shoulder, Valkyrie blinking in stunned disbelief, trying to process how her finisher slipped away in the blink of an eye.

Both women lie still, breathing heavy. The crowd's energy pulses like a heartbeat through the T-Mobile Arena. Marie stirs first — fingertips twitching. Valkyrie groans, hand pressing to her head.

John Phillips: "They've given everything. Everything. And it's not over yet."

The fans begin to clap in rhythm — slow at first, then growing louder. "M-V-C!" chants echo across the rafters.

Mark Bravo: "You ever seen a whole arena willing someone to their feet? This is it. This is that moment."

Marie pushes to her hands and knees, gasping. Valkyrie rolls onto her side, blinking through the fog. They rise slowly — inch by inch — each woman drawn toward the other like gravity pulling planets into collision.

They meet in the center. Chest to chest. Eyes locked.

John Phillips: "Back where it began."

Marie slaps Valkyrie across the face. The crowd pops —

SMACK!

Valkyrie's head turns — then slowly rolls back to center. Her eyes narrow. She fires a forearm shot into Marie's jaw!

Mark Bravo: "Return to sender!"

Marie recoils — then answers with a stiff chop across Valkyrie's chest!

SLAP!

John Phillips: "That one echoed across Vegas!"

Valkyrie grits her teeth — rears back — headbutt! Marie stumbles — but doesn't fall.

She yells out — a war cry — and responds with a sudden spinning heel kick that nails Valkyrie in the temple!

Mark Bravo: "Got her! She got her flush!"

The champion wobbles — dazed, swaying — Marie charges in, grabs her by the waist, and with all her strength —
— GERMAN SUPLEX! Valkyrie flips over, landing hard on her neck and shoulders!

John Phillips: "What?! German suplex from Marie Van Claudio! That's Valkyrie's playbook!"

Valkyrie stumbles to her feet, spaghetti-legged — and Marie explodes out of the corner with a running facebuster! The crowd erupts as Valkyrie is driven face-first into the mat!

Mark Bravo: "And THAT slams the door on Valkyrie's momentum! The First Lady just kicked it back open!"

Marie pounds the mat once, rising to her feet, energized now. She throws her arms wide, breathing deep, letting the crowd rise with her — wave after wave of support crashing down.

John Phillips: "We are here now. This is real. This is happening. Marie Van Claudio has control — and the champion is in trouble!"

Valkyrie rolls to the ropes, disoriented, grasping at them to stand. Her legs are shaking. Her body is rocked.

Marie points to the top rope — the crowd erupts.

Mark Bravo: "Oh man... she's going up! She's going all in!"

Marie climbs the turnbuckle with purpose, each step shaking with adrenaline. The T-Mobile Arena is roaring — fans standing, cameras flashing, signs waving wildly.

John Phillips: "She's going for it all. She's seconds away from doing what nobody thought possible!"

Valkyrie Knox is flat on her back, motionless at center ring. Marie steadies herself, raises her arms to the sky — and leaps with full extension—

— DIVING MOONSAULT!

She crashes across Valkyrie's torso with perfection. Impact. Movement. The crowd erupts as Marie hooks the leg tight!

Mark Bravo: "She hit it! SHE HIT IT! COVER HER!"

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio with the moonsault of her life — this has to be it!"

Marie covers, driving her forearm across Valkyrie's chest with everything she has left.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!!"

Mark Bravo: "COUNT IT!"

Referee: "THREE—NO!!!"

Valkyrie Knox kicks out! Just before the referee's hand slaps the canvas — the champion jerks her shoulder up at the very last millisecond.

John Phillips: "SHE KICKED OUT! I don't believe it! She kicked out at 2.9999!"

Mark Bravo: "HOW?! How did Valkyrie Knox survive that?! That was a full-body impact — that was over!"

Marie rolls off, both hands in her hair, eyes wide in disbelief. The crowd gasps, then groans, then stands again with chants of:

"THIS IS WRESTLING! THIS IS WRESTLING!"

Valkyrie lies on the mat, chest heaving, face twisted in pain — but she's still alive. Still the champion. Barely.

John Phillips: "She reached down and found something that doesn't exist in most people. And Marie... Marie thought that was it. We thought that was it."

Marie slowly crawls to the corner, leaning back against the turnbuckles, eyes locked on Valkyrie. The fire's still there — but now... so is the question: What else can she do?

Mark Bravo: "If you're The First Lady of the UTA... you've just emptied the chamber. What's left?"

Marie slumps against the corner, drenched in sweat, her chest rising and falling with exhaustion. Her eyes stay glued to Valkyrie Knox, still down, still somehow breathing after that devastating moonsault.

John Phillips: "She hit her best shot. It should have been over. But Valkyrie won't stay down."

Then—

? The haunting buzz of "Sanctify Me" by In This Moment begins to hum through the arena... ?

The crowd begins murmuring — confused. Surprised. A dark red hue floods the entrance ramp. On the massive LED screen, ancient symbols, burning roses, and shattered mirrors flicker across in black and crimson tones.

John Phillips: "Wait a second... what is this?"

The buzzing escalates, building, building... until the first thunderous guitar riff hits—

BOOM! Pyro bursts from the stage.

MARK BRAVO: "NO WAY—!"

The words flash across the screen in bold silver letters:

AMY HARRISON

The roof of the T-Mobile Arena practically lifts off.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is here! What the hell?! After all this time?! Amy Harrison has returned to WrestleUTA!"

The crowd goes wild as Amy Harrison steps out from behind the curtain — long platinum-blond hair curled perfectly, gear shimmering in silver and pale rose hues.

Mark Bravo: "Look at her! She's dressed for a fight but walking with purpose. Marie and Amy have history — decades of it. But they're not enemies anymore... are they?"

Marie uses the ropes to slowly pull herself up, disoriented and unsure. Her face contorts — surprise, confusion, even a flicker of joy — but also caution. She mouths toward the ramp: "What are you doing here?"

Amy makes her way down with a measured pace — not storming, not stalking. Just focused. Intent. She reaches the ringside apron, eyes locked on Marie.

John Phillips: "Marie's exhausted. She doesn't know what to make of this. But Amy... Amy's not here to fight."

Valkyrie Knox begins to stir on the canvas behind them, rolling toward the ropes. The crowd is still buzzing, half focused on her, half on Amy.

Amy steps closer to the apron — and slaps the edge of it, hard, with both hands. Her voice cuts through the crowd noise —

Amy Harrison: "C'MON! FINISH THIS! WIN IT!"

Mark Bravo: "She's here for Marie! She's here to rally her! Are you kidding me?! Amy Harrison... backing Marie Van Claudio!"

Marie looks down at Amy. There's a beat — then she nods. The weight of the moment washes over her. She turns her head slowly — Valkyrie is up, staggering to one knee.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio just got a second wind — not from adrenaline... but from belief. From a friend who knows what she's been through."

The crowd begins chanting again:

"M-V-C! M-V-C!"

And in the corner of the screen, Amy claps her hands rhythmically — feeding the fire.

Marie Van Claudio turns from Amy Harrison at ringside, her expression hardening into resolve. She wipes the sweat from her brow and pulls herself upright, eyes locked on the champion now rising slowly to her feet.

John Phillips: "This is it. The fire's back in her eyes. She's not just fighting for the title — she's fighting for everything

she's ever built."

Valkyrie stumbles forward, groggy — and Marie meets her in the center of the ring with a lightning-quick slap that echoes across the T-Mobile Arena!

Mark Bravo: "Woke her up with that one!"

Valkyrie fires back with a weak forearm, but Marie ducks, springs off the ropes, and hits a spinning heel kick right to the jaw!

John Phillips: "Perfect timing! She's picking the champion apart now!"

Valkyrie hits the mat hard, and Marie doesn't stop. She pulls the champion up — snap DDT! Another hard spike to the canvas. The crowd is thunderous.

Mark Bravo: "Everything she's got, she's putting it in this rally!"

Valkyrie tries to roll to safety, but Marie grabs the arm and yanks her back center ring. The First Lady lets out a cry of defiance —

John Phillips: "She's not letting her breathe — not this time!"

Marie climbs to the second rope — launches — elbow drop! Right to the heart! She covers!

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

NO!

Valkyrie kicks out again — just barely — but Marie doesn't hesitate. She rises, fires the crowd up with a defiant hand raised in the air, then stalks her opponent.

Mark Bravo: "She's not questioning. She's not hesitating. This is the Marie Van Claudio we remember!"

Valkyrie stumbles up — barely able to hold herself — and Marie steps in behind her.

She waves her hands at the crowd — a signal — and mouths: "It's over."

John Phillips: "She's going for the Poisonrana again! One more time could do it!"

Marie waits — waits — Valkyrie turns — Marie launches into the air, legs snapping around Valkyrie's head—

Mark Bravo: "This is it!"

— but Valkyrie stumbles backward instinctively, and both women crash into the corner, Marie pinned up awkwardly!

John Phillips: "Oh no! She didn't get the rotation!"

Marie tries to reset, but Valkyrie throws a blind elbow — nails her in the jaw! Marie drops to one knee. The crowd gasps.

But Marie shakes it off — fires up again — runs the ropes — charges in for a clothesline—

— Valkyrie ducks — and Marie bounces off the opposite ropes into a blindingly fast FACEBUSTER!

Mark Bravo: "Facebuster AGAIN! She got it this time! That might be the death blow!"

Valkyrie falls flat on her stomach. Marie, gasping for air, turns her over, grabs both legs, and bridges into a pin!

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Referee: "THREE—NO!!!"

John Phillips: "SHE KICKED OUT! AGAIN!"

Marie rolls away, hands in her hair. Amy slaps the apron outside, still cheering her on.

Mark Bravo: "What else can she hit her with? How much more can Valkyrie possibly take?"

Marie leans against the ropes, slowly rising. Her body is screaming, but her eyes are focused. She points at Valkyrie again — the signal's clear.

John Phillips: "One last shot. One last rally. Marie Van Claudio has dug deeper than she ever has before."

Marie breathes heavy, her body worn down from the fight, but her focus locked in. She looks down at Valkyrie Knox — still on her back, barely moving. The crowd chants thunderously:

"ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!"

John Phillips: "This could be it. This is Marie's window to finally finish it."

With one final breath, Marie approaches the champion. She leans down, reaching for Valkyrie's wrist to drag her up— but Valkyrie surges to life! She wraps her arms around Marie's neck and rolls her into a small package!

Mark Bravo: "OH MY GOD! ROLL-UP! SHE'S GOT HER!"

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Referee: "THREE—NO!!!"

Marie kicks out! Just in time — just before the hand comes down a third time. The crowd gasps, then erupts in cheers.

John Phillips: "She kicked out! She kicked out! That was inches — inches away from disaster!"

Marie scrambles backward on her knees, eyes wide in shock. Valkyrie stays down, breathing hard, her face twisted in strain — but now, it's clear: she's not done. Not yet.

Mark Bravo: "You thought she was out cold? She was playing possum! That's a champion's instinct, Phillips!"

On the outside, Amy Harrison's jaw drops, both hands on the apron. She looks momentarily stunned — then relieved — as she sees Marie still alive, still in it.

John Phillips: "And Amy can't believe it either. That was the match, and it nearly vanished in an instant."

Marie leans against the ropes, eyes flicking to Amy, who nods furiously from ringside, yelling: "You're still in it! Come on! Finish this!"

The camera cuts to Valkyrie on all fours now, shaking her head, blood in her mouth, hair in her face — defiant. Surviving. Dangerous.

Mark Bravo: "I don't know how either of these women are still moving, but you better believe they've both got something left."

John Phillips: "And now we're back to square one... but with every muscle screaming and nothing guaranteed."

Marie steadies herself on the ropes, eyes wild with adrenaline and desperation. She glances at Amy on the outside — who gives her a furious nod, clapping the apron again.

Amy Harrison: "GO! FINISH IT!"

Marie turns back to the center of the ring — Valkyrie Knox is still down, slow to rise. The crowd noise builds like a

drumline.

John Phillips: "Marie's about to empty the chamber. Everything left — all of it — this is the shot."

With a cry of determination, Marie charges forward, sprinting across the ring straight toward Valkyrie.

Mark Bravo: "She's gonna take her head off—"

— but Valkyrie LUNGES UP! Out of nowhere, she catches Marie mid-run, lifts her with monstrous strength—

— and drives her into the mat with a thunderous SPINEBUSTER!

CRASH!

The entire ring rattles. Marie bounces off the canvas, arms splayed, back arched in agony.

John Phillips: "OH MY GOD! What a spinebuster! That nearly drove Marie through the ring!"

Mark Bravo: "She caught her — mid-stride — and just crushed her with that spinebuster! That's Valkyrie's power game back in full force!"

Valkyrie stays kneeling over Marie, panting heavily, fists pressed to the mat. The crowd is split now — chants of "LET'S GO MARIE!" battling dueling roars of awe for Valkyrie's raw dominance.

On the outside, Amy slaps both hands to her head, stunned — then immediately leans in, screaming encouragement:

Amy Harrison: "GET UP! COME ON, MARIE!"

John Phillips: "That spinebuster wasn't just a power move — it was a momentum breaker. If Valkyrie can capitalize now..."

Valkyrie rises slowly, looming over her opponent once again. The cold returns to her eyes. The calm. The danger.

Mark Bravo: "We've come full circle. And Valkyrie Knox smells blood."

Valkyrie rises to her feet, looming over Marie Van Claudio, who writhes in pain on the canvas — spine twisted, lungs struggling for air after that brutal spinebuster.

John Phillips: "That might have been it right there — that might've finally ended Marie's run. Valkyrie has her wide open."

But then—

SLAP SLAP SLAP — the sound of someone hitting the apron hard cuts through the noise.

Valkyrie's head turns.

Mark Bravo: "Uh-oh... look who's back on the apron!"

Amy Harrison is standing on the ring apron now, yelling directly at the champion — arms waving, voice sharp.

Amy Harrison: "HEY! You think this is over? You think you've won already?!"

Valkyrie turns fully toward her — eyes narrowed, brow furrowed. No panic. No fear. Just confusion... and a rising challenge in her stare.

John Phillips: "The champion doesn't take kindly to being interrupted, Bravo. And she's not about to let Amy Harrison of all people throw her off her game."

Valkyrie takes a few slow steps toward the apron, shoulders squared, lips barely moving as she mouths: "You want to fight too?"

Amy yells back, pointing toward Marie:

Amy Harrison: "I'm here for her! For her! You think I forgot what this title means? Huh?!"

The referee rushes in, sliding between Valkyrie and Amy, arms out wide.

Referee: "Get down! Amy — get off the apron now! This isn't your fight!"

For a moment, the scene teeters on the edge — Valkyrie daring her to step in, Amy not backing down, the ref shouting over both.

Mark Bravo: "Oh man. This thing could explode right here. Valkyrie's got that gauntlet hand clenched. And Amy's not backing down an inch!"

Finally, Amy raises both hands in mock surrender — signaling calm. She steps down slowly from the apron, mouthing: "Okay, okay, I hear you."

John Phillips: "Crisis averted... maybe. But Amy Harrison just bought her friend a few precious seconds."

Valkyrie stares her down from inside the ropes for a moment longer. But then... she turns back to the ring.

Marie Van Claudio is no longer lifeless. She's pushed herself up — hands and knees — her breath ragged, but her eyes laser-focused.

Mark Bravo: "Look at that! She's moving again! That moment — that flash of distraction — it may have saved her!"

John Phillips: "You can't blame Valkyrie for being suspicious — but now the champion has to turn back around and finish the job... and the challenger isn't done yet."

The crowd begins to buzz again, sensing what's coming. Marie grits her teeth, jaw clenched — and fists balled beneath her. She pushes up to one knee.

Mark Bravo: "The First Lady is rising. And Valkyrie? She may have waited a second too long."

Valkyrie Knox stands in the center of the ring, watching Marie rise with trembling arms and grit in her eyes. The champion shakes her head — not in mockery, but in disbelief. And respect.

John Phillips: "She's still moving. After everything. After the spinebuster. The near fall. The distraction. She's still... standing."

Marie pushes herself fully upright — her legs barely stable — but she clenches her fists, stares Valkyrie dead in the eyes... and slowly raises her arm.

Mark Bravo: "Look at that. That fist says it all. 'I'm not done yet.'"

The crowd begins to rise again, wave after wave of noise building around the ring like a tsunami.

"M-V-C! M-V-C! M-V-C!"

Outside the ring, Amy Harrison pounds the mat with both palms, yelling encouragement through a mixture of tears and adrenaline.

Amy Harrison: "Come on! Come on! Finish this!"

Valkyrie watches the fist rise. She smiles — not cruelly, but with something deeper. A moment of understanding. Of legacy shared.

John Phillips: "That smile... that's not mockery. That's a warrior's salute. The champion sees the legend in front of her."

Marie lunges in with a wild forearm — and connects!

Valkyrie stumbles back a step.

Marie throws another — and another — each one gritted through pain and desperation!

Mark Bravo: "She's coming alive! One more push and we might have a new champ!"

Marie hits the ropes — rebounds for a crossbody—

— but Valkyrie catches her in midair!

John Phillips: "CAUGHT HER! THE POWER IS BACK!"

Valkyrie roars — for the first time all match — and drives Marie into the mat with a thunderous powerslam!

The crowd groans in awe. Marie arches her back, the wind ripped from her lungs. Valkyrie kneels beside her, the emotion now melting back into focus.

Mark Bravo: "That was the moment. And Valkyrie slammed the door shut."

The champion doesn't gloat. She just nods to herself, as if saying, "I gave you the chance." Then, she grabs Marie's arms.

The crowd stands again. They know what's next.

John Phillips: "She's going for the Valknut Driver. This is it."

Valkyrie spins Marie into position — lifts her high — holds her there, arms shaking —

Mark Bravo: "No shame in this, Marie. You made it a war."

VALKNUT DRIVER!!!

Marie's body crashes to the mat with devastating force — the impact echoing like a thunderclap across the arena.

Valkyrie leans back into the cover, hooking both legs.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Referee: "THREE!"

DING DING DING!

The bell rings as the crowd explodes in a mix of stunned silence, heartbreak... and applause.

John Phillips: "She did it. Valkyrie Knox retains the UTA Women's Championship — but my God, what a fight. What a legacy."

Mark Bravo: "Marie Van Claudio left everything in that ring. And Valkyrie... Valkyrie just proved she's not just a champion — she's a standard."

Valkyrie sits beside Marie, head bowed for a moment. She doesn't rise. Doesn't celebrate. She just looks at her fallen opponent with admiration.

Outside the ring, Amy Harrison watches, her hands pressed to her heart. No betrayal. No trick. Just reverence.

Valkyrie Knox sits beside the fallen Marie Van Claudio for a moment longer. The crowd stands in respectful silence — not stunned, but humbled by what they've just witnessed.

Valkyrie leans forward gently... and places a soft kiss on Marie's cheek before standing.

John Phillips: "No words needed. That... that's respect. That's honor."

As Valkyrie rises, the referee hands her the UTA Women's Championship. She clutches it to her chest — but doesn't

raise it. Not yet. Her eyes stay on Marie, who is slowly rolling over, trying to push herself to her hands and knees.

Mark Bravo: "She's still moving. Still fighting. After everything she's taken... Marie Van Claudio is still rising."

Marie makes it to her knees. Her eyes, glassy with tears and exhaustion, lift up to Valkyrie. She's beaten — but not broken.

Valkyrie looks down at her. Then, with her free hand, she brings her fingers to her brow... and offers a small, respectful salute.

John Phillips: "That's all you need to know. Champion to legend."

Valkyrie backs away slowly — not with arrogance, not with triumph — but with reverence. She turns, drops to the apron, and slides out of the ring.

As she passes Amy Harrison at ringside, she doesn't say a word — only mouths something over her shoulder toward Marie in the ring:

Valkyrie Knox: "This is your moment."

Mark Bravo: "She may have won the match — but she's giving Marie the stage."

Valkyrie walks up the ramp, title at her side, never turning back. The spotlight shifts back to the ring.

Amy Harrison climbs in carefully, kneeling beside her friend — her sister in arms. She wraps an arm under Marie's shoulder, helping her to her feet.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison... the longtime rival, the now supporter... helping Marie Van Claudio to stand tall, no matter the result."

As Marie rises, the crowd comes unglued again — chants of "M-V-C! M-V-C!" thunder from all corners of the T-Mobile Arena.

Mark Bravo: "She didn't need a victory to prove anything tonight. This match was her legacy. She just reminded the world why she's the First Lady of the UTA."

Marie wipes her eyes, tears streaming down her cheeks. Amy wraps her up in a tight embrace — the kind that says everything words can't.

The camera lingers on the two of them in the center of the ring. One woman who carried the past. One who walked beside it. Both forever changed.

John Phillips: "A passing of the torch... but no extinguishing of the flame. Marie Van Claudio didn't just show up. She reminded everyone exactly who she is."

Marie Van Claudio wipes her face, still overwhelmed, still stunned by the crowd's reaction — deafening cheers, chants echoing across the T-Mobile Arena. She turns to Amy and nods. A soft smile crosses her lips. They did it. Together.

John Phillips: "A picture-perfect ending. No title, but every bit of pride. The legend walks again."

Marie turns and begins walking toward the ropes, her body aching with every step. Amy Harrison walks just behind her, applauding softly — the spotlight trailing them like a curtain call.

But behind that applause... Amy's expression changes.

Her smile fades. Her eyes narrow. Admiration... turns to something else. Something colder. Something darker.

Mark Bravo: "...Wait. Wait a second."

Marie reaches the ropes and turns over her shoulder, calling back with a soft laugh:

Marie Van Claudio: "Come on."

But before she can say another word —

CRACK! Amy Harrison drives her forearm into the back of Marie's head with brutal force!

John Phillips: "NO! WHAT THE HELL?!"

Marie stumbles forward, caught off guard — and Amy doesn't stop. She clubs her again, this time across the spine, sending Marie crumbling to the canvas.

Mark Bravo: "She just blindsided her! Why? WHY?!"

The crowd shifts from stunned silence to thunderous boos. The same fans who were just cheering now rain down hatred from all sides.

Amy mounts Marie from behind, raining fists down across her shoulders, her head, her back — screaming nothing, offering no explanation, no words. Just fury.

John Phillips: "This was supposed to be her moment! This was her night! And Amy Harrison just ripped it away!"

Marie tries to crawl, reaching for the ropes — but Amy grabs her by the hair and pulls her violently to her feet.

Mark Bravo: "Don't do this. Amy — don't do this."

Amy hooks her under the arm, spins her around —

— and drives her down with a thunderous spinning neckbreaker!

BOOM! Marie hits the mat and doesn't move.

The boos continue. Fans are standing in disbelief. A few throw trash. Others just clutch their heads. Shock. Horror. Outrage.

John Phillips: "She just destroyed the First Lady of UTA — after the match of her life. After everything she just went through."

Amy stands over Marie's motionless body, chest heaving, face flushed red with adrenaline. She looks down... expressionless.

Then —

? "Sanctify Me" by In This Moment hits again ?

The crowd erupts into pure hatred now as Amy turns and exits the ring slowly, stepping through the ropes without looking back.

Mark Bravo: "No explanation. No warning. No mercy. Just a message — one written in betrayal."

The final image: Marie Van Claudio lying motionless in the center of the ring. The crowd still booing. The torch wasn't passed. It was extinguished... by the one person no one expected.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison... just committed wrestling blasphemy."

He's Deranged

Segment

Backstage — the camera shakes slightly as it follows a bruised and enraged Scott Stevens, storming down a corridor, blood still dried along his jawline. Two Las Vegas Metro Police Officers flank him as staff and production crews scramble to move out of the way.

Officer #1: "Be careful — he's deranged."

The group reaches a side room marked "SECURITY." As the door bursts open, we see the chaotic scene: Chris Ross is pinned against the wall by two arena security guards, thrashing and laughing wildly.

Scott Stevens: "I want him out of here — now."

The officers immediately move in, stepping between security and Ross. The guards release him as Ross slowly turns around with a grin stretched across his face, eyes gleaming with madness.

Chris Ross: "You here for little ol' me, are ya?"

He spins to face them and places his hands behind his back like he's done this a dozen times. Then, without warning, he throws his head back and screams —

Chris Ross (shouting): "HARRISBURRRRRGGG!!!"

The officers cuff him while he continues to laugh maniacally, his voice echoing down the corridor. The security team backs away slowly, exchanging glances.

Scott Stevens just stands there, watching in stunned silence — eyes narrowed, jaw tight — absorbing every deranged second of Ross's breakdown.

John Phillips (voiceover): "Chris Ross... finally arrested after the chaos he's caused all night. But what kind of mind laughs through it?"

Mark Bravo (voiceover): "That man ain't wired right, John. And honestly? That might've been the safest place for him — behind bars."

Fade to black as Ross is led down the hall, still grinning... still laughing... as *WrestleUTA: 25* rolls on.

Swan Song

Segment

The scene cuts backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands by, framed under the soft glow of an overhead light. She's poised, smiling warmly — and beside her is the man of the moment. Dressed in his signature black-and-red ring jacket, Sean Jackson stares down at the UTA Hall of Fame ring gleaming on his finger. His expression is calm... but focused. The moment is not lost on him.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time — the newest member of the United Toughness Alliance Hall of Fame... Sean Jackson."

The crowd watching the broadcast lets out a respectful cheer from inside the T-Mobile Arena.

Melissa Cartwright: "Sean, first and foremost — congratulations on your induction into the Hall of Fame. After everything you've given to this industry, to this company, it's a well-earned honor."

Sean Jackson looks up from the ring, finally meeting her eyes. He gives a slight nod, a proud but somber smile crossing his face.

Sean Jackson: "Thank you, Melissa. This ring... this isn't just jewelry. It's twenty-five years of sacrifice, of blood, of madness. And tonight... it all comes full circle."

Melissa Cartwright: "That brings us to your final match. In just a short while, you'll step into the ring with a man many call your greatest rival... The Spectre. It's sure to be violent. It's sure to be life changing. And it's sure to be history."

Sean's expression hardens. His hand closes over the Hall of Fame ring, and his voice lowers.

Sean Jackson: "History... you're damn right it is. The Spectre and I — we've danced this dance before. Pain. Chaos.

Fear. But tonight... it's the final page. No tricks. No regrets. Just the purest version of Sean Jackson I have left."

Melissa Cartwright: "Is this really... the end?"

Sean Jackson: (quietly) "This is my swan song. Win or lose, I leave everything in that ring. Because this company... this legacy... deserves that. I can't think of a better way to walk away than going toe-to-toe with the man who haunted my greatest nights and shaped my darkest hours."

He taps the Hall of Fame ring once more, then looks straight into the camera.

Sean Jackson: "Jerimiah... let's make history."

With that, he nods to Melissa and walks off screen — his final battle moments away.

Back to ringside.

Brick Bronson vs. The Raging Dead

Match

The crowd buzzes with anticipation. It's time. Time to unify the past and the present. Time to find out who the *true* UTA Champion really is.

John Phillips: "This is history in the making. The current UTA Champion versus the man who claims the crown never left his hands."

Mark Bravo: "One of these men walks out undisputed. The other walks out with nothing but memories."

The lights go blood red.

? A heavy industrial beat drops. ?

The fans rise as the hulking figure of Brick Bronson emerges through the curtain, the red glow bouncing off his broad shoulders. His jaw is clenched. His eyes — dead ahead. Focused. Burning. He cracks his knuckles as he slowly stomps his way toward the ring, the UTA Championship strapped tightly around his waist.

John Phillips: "And here comes the champion. The man who tore through One Last Stop and left no doubt who the top dog is."

Mark Bravo: "Six-four, two-sixty-three, and built like a red brick wall with fists. That title isn't just decoration. It's confirmation."

Brick climbs the steps methodically, never looking away from the ring. Once inside, he unhooks the championship from his waist and lifts it high overhead. No smile. No showboating. Just raw authority.

John Phillips: "But if Brick Bronson is the future... then this next man is everything that refuses to be left in the past."

The lights flicker wildly. A grainy, static filter cuts across the tron. Then—

? "Rage 25/8" by Z Mann Zilla hits ?

The crowd erupts in confusion and nostalgia as the unmistakable figure of The Raging Dead steps through the curtain... dragging the original UTA Championship over his shoulder.

Only... it's been altered. The once-pristine belt is drawn over with black marker — childish scribbles, smiley faces, and the word "STILL" scrawled across the main plate in bold.

Mark Bravo: "What the hell is THAT?"

John Phillips: "That... is the original UTA Title. Or at least it was before Raging Dead turned it into a horror prop."

Dead walks with a twitching gait — equal parts disturbing and theatrical. He points at the title over his shoulder, then at

Brick in the ring, then at the fans — who can't decide whether to cheer or brace for chaos.

John Phillips: "The mind games have already started. But make no mistake — Raging Dead believes every bit of this. In his mind, he was never dethroned."

He rolls under the bottom rope, keeping his eyes locked on Brick the whole time. He slithers to his feet and lifts his defaced title high, cackling. Brick doesn't move. He doesn't flinch. He just stares.

Mark Bravo: "Two champions. Two belts. One reality check coming right up."

The referee steps forward, slowly reaching for both belts. Brick hands his over with a hard glare. Raging Dead kisses his and reluctantly lets it go. Both championships are lifted high in the air for the crowd to see.

John Phillips: "There it is. Old versus new. Flesh versus fury. Legend versus legacy."

Mark Bravo: "Only one man walks out of here undisputed."

The referee barely has time to hand off the belts before—

WHAM! Raging Dead explodes forward with a flying forearm, slamming right into Brick Bronson's jaw before the bell even rings!

John Phillips: "What the hell?! He didn't wait! The bell hasn't even sounded yet!"

Mark Bravo: "Dead don't care about no bell, John! This man's been waiting YEARS to get his hands on anyone claiming his throne!"

Brick stumbles back a step but doesn't fall — instead, his head slowly turns with a glare of pure fury. Raging Dead swings again—

CRACK! Brick catches the arm, yanks him forward and drives a knee into his gut like a battering ram!

John Phillips: "Oh my god! Brick just absorbed the hit and answered with that MMA clinch knee!"

Raging Dead doubles over, gasping for air— BOOM! —and Brick flattens him with a stiff lariat that sends the veteran twisting to the canvas!

Mark Bravo: "That's a Brick Bronson welcome party!"

The referee is trying to regain order, yelling that the match hasn't started, but Brick doesn't care. He peels Dead off the mat—

THUD! —and launches him with an exploder suplex across the ring like a sack of bones!

John Phillips: "This isn't a match yet. This is a declaration of war!"

Raging Dead, dazed but laughing — yes, laughing — sits up, blood already trickling from his mouth. He slaps the mat and stumbles to his feet...

Mark Bravo: "He likes it. This freak likes it!"

Brick charges in with a running powerslam attempt— BAM! —but Dead slithers behind and rakes the eyes like a wild animal!

Brick snarls in pain, swinging blindly, but Dead hits the ropes—

WHAM! —and back elbows Brick right in the spine! He leaps on Brick's back, clawing at the eyes and neck until the referee finally gets between them!

John Phillips: "We NEED the bell! The official needs to call for the bell before this turns into an all-out riot!"

Mark Bravo: "Call for it? Hell, just ring it! This thing's already out of the grave and stomping around!"

With both men snarling like caged animals, the referee finally throws up his arms—

DING DING DING!

John Phillips: "And it's official! The unification match has begun — but it might already be out of control!"

Mark Bravo: "And I wouldn't want it any other way."

The bell has sounded, but this isn't a match — it's a fight. Brick charges with a stiff lariat—

WHACK! —but Raging Dead ducks and chop blocks the back of Brick's knee, sending the big man staggering!

John Phillips: "That's the veteran instinct — take out the wheels of the powerhouse!"

Raging Dead hits the ropes— BAM! —leaping into a diving forearm that knocks Brick into the turnbuckles!

With a wild gleam in his eye, Dead bites at Brick's forehead!

Mark Bravo: "What the hell is wrong with this guy?!"

The referee yells, but Dead backs off with his hands up... only to drive a knee into Brick's ribs again and again, cackling as the fans boo wildly.

But Brick Bronson isn't done. He grabs Raging Dead around the waist and—

BOOM! —delivers a gutwrench slam that rattles the entire ring!

John Phillips: "That's over two hundred pounds hurled like a sandbag!"

Brick pulls him up again— BAM! —and headbutts him right between the eyes! Raging Dead collapses like a sack of bricks.

Brick doesn't let up. He hauls Dead into the corner and hits a crushing Corner Avalanche that nearly folds him in half!

Mark Bravo: "If Raging Dead wasn't dead before, he might be now!"

Brick backs up for another charge— but Dead collapses to his knees— then suddenly surges forward with a thumb to the throat!

John Phillips: "Desperation move! And it landed flush!"

Brick gasps, stepping back— CRACK! —and Dead leaps onto the second rope for a springboard blockbuster neckbreaker!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Brick powers out, throwing Raging Dead a full foot into the air.

Both men scramble up—Dead swings— BANG! —but Brick counters with a Snap Spinebuster that folds Dead in half!

Mark Bravo: "SPINEBUSTER FROM HELL!"

Brick covers—

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

John Phillips: "Neither man is backing down. We are witnessing a war for the ages!"

Both slowly push up — chests heaving, eyes burning with determination — the crowd surging in anticipation as fists begin to fly again...

Raging Dead stumbles to his feet after the spinebuster, eyes wild... but he ducks a clothesline from Brick and dropkicks him in the knee again, staggering the big man!

Without hesitation, Dead hits the ropes and launches himself over the top rope with a suicide dive—

John Phillips: "LOOK OUT!"

Mark Bravo: "FLYING CORPSE INBOUND!"

CRASH! Both men slam hard into the barricade, sending front row fans scrambling!

The referee leans out, yelling for them to bring it back in — but neither man is listening.

Raging Dead peels himself off the floor first, grabbing a handful of Brick's beard and slamming his head into the steel steps with a sickening thud!

John Phillips: "That could crack bone!"

Dead climbs onto the apron and lines Brick up— BAM! —leaping off with a double axe handle to the back!

But Brick absorbs the blow, roars to life, and drives a shoulder into Dead's ribs, lifting him up—

BOOM! —and slamming him back-first into the ring post!

Mark Bravo: "He just broke that man in HALF!"

Brick grabs Raging Dead by the hair and swings him like a ragdoll into the timekeeper's table!

The UTA Championship belts — both the modern one and the graffitied "original" — clatter to the floor in front of them.

Brick looks down at both titles. Then... he punts the original belt halfway up the ramp, sending fans gasping!

John Phillips: "Disrespect! Absolute disrespect for the legacy Raging Dead claims to represent!"

Raging Dead explodes up behind him, grabbing a steel chair from under the timekeeper's area—

CRACK! He drives it into Brick's spine! The crowd groans with every echoing shot!

Mark Bravo: "I think Raging Dead might've just knocked the bricks outta Brick!"

The referee starts yelling for them to get back in — beginning a count — but neither man hears it. They're lost in the brawl.

Dead lifts the apron and pulls out a bag—

John Phillips: "Oh no... not the sack..."

He opens it... and pours out a cascade of rusted thumbtacks!

Mark Bravo: "This has gone from a championship match to a horror movie!"

He grabs Brick by the neck— BUT BRICK LIFTS HIM— and SLAMS HIM back-first into the ring apron!

John Phillips: "These two maniacs are gonna kill each other before a winner's even declared!"

Brick throws Dead back into the ring, the crowd on their feet, roaring. The ref resets the count.

Brick Bronson stands over the tacks outside... looking down at them... then at the groggy Dead inside the ring.

He slides back in slowly, eyes burning.

Mark Bravo: "That may have been the most violent five minutes in UTA this year — and we're not even close to done."

John Phillips: "I don't know, Mark... you're calling this the most violent five minutes of the year, but I still remember what we saw earlier tonight between Eric Dane Jr. and Chris Ross."

Mark Bravo: "Fair point, JP... but does that even count? Most of that chaos happened before the bell ever rang!"

John Phillips: "You've got me there. But if this keeps going the way it's going, it might not matter. This is getting downright dangerous."

Back in the ring, Brick stalks the recovering Raging Dead. He lifts him up slowly — deliberately — and hoists him for the Gutwrench Powerbomb...

...but Dead suddenly counters with a hurricanrana that sends Brick tumbling — dangerously close to the spilled thumbtacks near the ropes!

Mark Bravo: "He was inches from a metal storm!"

Dead crawls to the tacks, breathing heavily, then grabs a fistful of them. He holds them high for the crowd...

John Phillips: "Oh no... not like this!"

Brick gets to his knees— AND DEAD THROWS THE TACKS INTO HIS FACE!

Mark Bravo: "Pocket sand?! No—Pocket metal!"

Brick clutches at his eyes, roaring in pain. Dead seizes the moment — bounces off the ropes — and hits a brutal flipping neckbreaker!

John Phillips: "The champ is down! This could be it!"

Raging Dead scrambles over, hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!!

Brick powers out, sending Dead airborne from the sheer force!

Mark Bravo: "He threw a 200-pound man off him like he weighed a bag of marshmallows!"

Dead rolls to the corner, panting — eyes wide. He looks at the tacks still scattered across the mat... then back at Brick, who is already trying to rise, face scratched, eyes furious.

Dead rushes in— BUT BRICK CATCHES HIM WITH A SNAP SPINEBUSTER—RIGHT INTO THE TACKS!!!

John Phillips: "GOOD LORD ABOVE!"

The tacks explode upward from impact, sticking to both men — but mostly embedding into Raging Dead's back!

Mark Bravo: "I can't even LOOK at that!"

Brick doesn't cover. He doesn't celebrate. He just stands slowly — like a machine — fists clenched, blood dripping down his arm.

The fans rise in unison, roaring in disbelief as the match reaches its next level.

John Phillips: "The tide has turned... but at what cost?!"

Both men are slow to move. Raging Dead's back looks like a human pincushion, tacks still jutting out as he groans on the mat. Brick Bronson breathes heavily, clutching at his shoulder from the harsh impact of the spinebuster.

John Phillips: "This is no longer just about gold. This is about survival."

Brick drags himself up using the ropes, eyes narrowing as he stalks toward the crawling Dead. He grabs him by the wrist and yanks him up — and into a devastating Exploder Suplex that folds Dead in half!

Mark Bravo: "Dead might be broken in half after that one!"

Brick doesn't stop. He drags Dead upright again — this time lifting him with brute force into a full gutwrench position.

John Phillips: "This is it... this is the setup!"

GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB!!! Dead is drilled into the center of the ring with the Concrete Ending!

Mark Bravo: "New UTA era — cemented in blood!"

Brick leans back with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR—NO!!!

Raging Dead KICKS OUT! The arena erupts in disbelief!

John Phillips: "HOW?! How did he kick out of that?!"

Mark Bravo: "The man is UNDEAD, John! What did you expect?!"

Brick sits up, staring at the referee, his face twisted in fury and confusion. He slams a fist into the mat, teeth clenched.

Meanwhile, Dead rolls to his side, coughing — but smirking through bloodied lips. The fans chant:

"FIGHT FOREVER! FIGHT FOREVER!"

Brick grabs Dead by the head to lift him — but Dead bursts to life, hooks Brick's arms, and in a flash—

RAGE COMEBACK SPECIAL!!! The surprise double underhook facebuster stuns Brick into the mat!

John Phillips: "He spiked the champ! That came outta nowhere!"

Dead slumps over, barely able to hook the leg—

ONE!

TWO!!

THR—KICKOUT BY BRICK!!

Both men lay flat on the mat, motionless, as the fans stand and clap in awe.

Mark Bravo: "This is a war. A bloody, painful war. And neither man is willing to blink."

The referee checks on both competitors. Neither is ready to stop. Both slowly, agonizingly begin to rise—

John Phillips: "We've just seen two finishers and two miracles. What's it gonna take to end this?"

The camera pans the ringside area — blood-splattered canvas, twisted steel, tacks still scattered like shrapnel. Two bodies slowly stir in the wreckage of war.

John Phillips: "WrestleUTA Twenty-five has already been soaked in blood... and we haven't even reached our main event. If it isn't crimson yet, it will be before the night is over."

Mark Bravo: "We've seen bodies fly and betrayals unfold — and now these two are turning a unification bout into a blood rite."

Brick Bronson's forehead is split from an earlier headbutt against the post, blood trickling down into his beard. Raging Dead's back looks like a butchered canvas, pocked with drying red from the thumbtack spill. Both men stumble upright,

half-dead, half-fueled by instinct.

Dead strikes first — a vicious spinning elbow to Brick's jaw. Brick stumbles back. Dead charges —

— But Brick CATCHES HIM MID-RUN and SNAPS him into a brutal Uranage Slam!

John Phillips: "Dead's spine might've cracked in half!"

Bronson doesn't even try a pin. He staggers to the corner, wipes blood from his eyes, and lets out a guttural roar. The crowd rises as he signals again—

Mark Bravo: "He's gonna finish it for real this time!"

Brick yanks Dead up by the neck, setting for another Gutwrench Powerbomb—

But Dead counters with a back body drop that sends Brick tumbling across the tacks!

John Phillips: "HE LANDED ON THE TACKS AGAIN! GOOD GOD!"

Brick writhes in agony, slapping the mat. Dead doesn't waste time — he climbs the turnbuckles in the corner, slow but determined. The fans rise.

Mark Bravo: "He's going to the skies? He never goes to the skies!"

DIVING HEADBUTT!!!

His skull crashes into Brick's chest — a sickening thud. Dead hooks the leg, covered in his own blood!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE—NO!!!

John Phillips: "I THOUGHT THAT WAS IT! I THOUGHT THE RAGING DEAD HAD DONE IT!"

The crowd is unglued. Dead rolls off, mouth agape, eyes wide — Brick barely moved, but somehow got the shoulder up.

Mark Bravo: "How the hell do you kill a man who refuses to stay down?!"

Both men crawl, slowly. They reach the center of the ring. Blood drips from their forearms, their mouths. They kneel across from each other, staring. The crowd builds... and builds...

John Phillips: "And now, after everything... after blood, steel, and tacks... it comes down to this."

A bloody standoff. No words. Just fire in their eyes and fists clenched. A slow, seismic moment before the next storm hits.

Mark Bravo: "Someone's gotta fall. Someone's gotta break. But it won't happen easy."

Still kneeling in the center of the ring, bloodied and broken, the two warriors exchange punches. One for one. Brick. Dead. Brick. Dead.

John Phillips: "They've got nothing left in the tank, but they're still throwing hands like it's the first minute."

Brick finally shoves Dead backward and stumbles to his feet, only for Dead to burst forward with a throat thrust! Brick reels—

Mark Bravo: "Vintage Dead! From the depths of the underworld!"

Dead hits the ropes — flying lariat! Brick is knocked down. The crowd is roaring. Dead rips the bandage from his shoulder and lets out a chilling scream, then turns his focus to the nearby steel chair littered with tacks.

John Phillips: "Oh no... not again."

Dead raises the tack-covered chair above his head—

But Brick rushes forward and spears him in the gut! The chair flies into the air and crashes to the outside. The fans explode.

Mark Bravo: "He just turned Dead inside out!"

Brick doesn't let up. He lifts Dead—slowly, painfully—into the gutwrench...

John Phillips: "He's gonna do it! Concrete Ending—"

Mark Bravo: "NO—Dead drops down the back!"

Dead hooks Brick's arms from behind—

Phoenix Driver!!!

Brick is spiked into the canvas! The crowd gasps! Dead hooks the leg...

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE—NO!!!!

Brick kicks out. DEAD CAN'T BELIEVE IT. He sits up, trembling, mouth open. The fans are thunderous. Dead pulls at his hair. Blood streaks his chest and arms.

Mark Bravo: "What does it TAKE?!"

Dead backs into the corner... and lets out one final guttural roar. He charges for a brutal knee—

But Brick catches him mid-run—

GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB!!!

Dead's body folds on impact. The arena gasps. Brick doesn't wait. He drags Dead up again with pure force—

SECOND GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB!!

Dead is lifeless. Brick drops down.

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

John Phillips: "HE DID IT! BRICK BRONSON IS THE UNDISPUTED UTA CHAMPION!"

The bell rings as the crowd explodes in a mixture of awe and respect. "Concrete" by Fear Factory roars to life over the speakers. Brick collapses to a knee, hands pressed against the mat, breathing like a beast after the kill.

Mark Bravo: "Blood and thumbtacks... and in the end, it took two Concrete Endings to put down the Undead Underdog."

The referee presents both title belts — the current UTA Championship and the defaced original. Brick takes them both, standing tall, battered and bleeding, lifting them skyward as red lights pulse through the arena.

Raging Dead stirs on the mat, coughing, a slight smile on his face despite the loss. Brick looks down at him... and for a moment, just nods. Respect between warriors forged in blood.

John Phillips: "That... was war. And now only one man stands at the top of the UTA mountain."

Brick Bronson stumbles to a knee, both championship belts still draped over his shoulders. Sweat and blood mingle on his face as he stares into the flashing camera lights. The referee checks on him, but Brick waves him off, refusing help.

Raging Dead, ever the phantom of punishment, slowly rolls under the bottom rope. He lands on his feet outside the ring and—against all odds—manages a final glance back toward the ring before limping away, leaving the new undisputed champion alone in the center of the battlefield.

But then—

? "American Flags" by Tom MacDonald ?

The lights dim. Red, white, and blue flood the stage. Pyro explodes like the Fourth of July. The crowd roars in stunned surprise as Jarvis Valentine storms onto the ramp, Ace in the Hole briefcase in hand!

John Phillips: "NO WAY! NO WAY! JARVIS VALENTINE! HE'S CASHING IN! RIGHT NOW!"

Mark Bravo: "He won that ladder match earlier tonight! This is happening! Brick just went through a nightmare — and now comes the reckoning!"

Jarvis pauses at the top of the ramp and raises his hand in a subtle Q shape — a knowing nod to his following — before marching with purpose down the ramp. The crowd is electric, a buzz of cheers and gasps swirling through the T-Mobile Arena.

John Phillips: "Look at Brick! He can barely stand!"

The referee inside the ring looks confused — until Jarvis throws the briefcase into his chest and shouts something inaudible. The ref nods, immediately signaling for the timekeeper.

Mark Bravo: "It's official, John. We've got ANOTHER UTA Championship match... RIGHT NOW."

DING DING DING!

Brick stumbles to his feet, barely upright—

Jarvis Valentine charges forward — DISCUS CLOTHESLINE!! Brick is turned inside out and lands hard!

John Phillips: "OH MY GOD! This could be over in seconds!"

Jarvis drops into the cover—

ONE!

TWO!

THR—NO!!! Brick Bronson kicks out!

Mark Bravo: "How?! HOW?! Brick is still breathing after all that?!"

Jarvis kneels over him, yelling in his face, veins popping in his forehead. He drags Brick up—

BACK SUPLEX!! Brick crashes to the mat again. Jarvis doesn't waste a second, rebounding off the ropes—

RUNNING BULLDOG!

John Phillips: "Valentine is methodical. This isn't just a cash-in... this is a damn strategy."

The crowd is on fire. Some are booing, others are on their feet cheering the audacity. In the chaos, the camera pans to ringside where Toni, Jarvis' fiancée who has ran down after Jarvis, watches with wide eyes and a hand over her mouth.

Mark Bravo: "The man's waited his entire career for this moment. And he picked the most vulnerable champion in UTA history to make his mark."

Jarvis shouts something to Toni on the outside and then signals for the finish. He lifts Brick up slowly into the fireman's carry—

John Phillips: "Wait a minute... that's the setup..."

Mark Bravo: "Here comes the Patriot Plunge!"

With a primal roar, Jarvis Valentine hoists Brick Bronson into a fireman's carry, his legs trembling under the weight — and the moment. The crowd is on their feet, sensing the end.

John Phillips: "This is it! He's going for the Patriot Plunge!"

Jarvis takes two steps forward and spikes Brick headfirst into the canvas with devastating force!

Mark Bravo: "HE HIT IT! PATRIOT PLUNGE CONNECTS!"

The impact bounces Brick slightly off the mat before he collapses flat on his back. Jarvis dives into the cover, hooking both legs tightly!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—NO!!

BRICK KICKS OUT!

John Phillips: "I don't believe it! I DO NOT BELIEVE IT! Brick Bronson — who went through a war with Raging Dead — just kicked out of Jarvis Valentine's Patriot Plunge!"

Jarvis stares at the ref in disbelief, hands gripping his hair. Toni at ringside covers her mouth, stunned. The T-Mobile Arena is split — half screaming for Brick's resilience, half urging Valentine to finish the job.

Mark Bravo: "WrestleUTA: 25 has been laced with blood, sweat, betrayal... and history. But this may be the biggest shocker yet."

Jarvis drags himself up, breathing heavy, then pulls Brick by the wrist like dead weight toward the corner. With effort, he hauls him back to his feet, slowly backing into the turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "You can feel it, Mark. We are moments away from a career-defining upset."

Jarvis slaps his chest, screams out to the crowd—then charges forward—

CLOTHESLINE FROM THE CORNER!!

Brick folds like paper.

Jarvis pulls him up immediately, showing veteran killer instinct. One more time, he lifts Brick into the fireman's carry — no hesitation —

PATRIOT PLUNGE... AGAIN! This one has even more impact!

Mark Bravo: "DOUBLE TAP!"

Jarvis scrambles over and hooks both legs deep—

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING!

The crowd explodes — part shock, part disbelief, part riotous celebration. "American Flags" blasts through the arena

again as Jarvis Valentine collapses backward onto the mat, tears in his eyes.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine! After years of chasing the dream — after decades of sacrifice — he has done it! We have a NEW UTA World Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "Brick Bronson was unbreakable... until tonight. Jarvis waited for his moment — and struck with precision. This is the upset of the year!"

The referee presents Jarvis with the championship belts. He clutches them to his chest before rolling out of the ring, where Toni meets him at ringside, jumping into his arms with emotion flooding both their faces.

Inside the ring, Brick Bronson rolls onto his side, dazed, bloodied, but alive. The fans give a standing ovation — not just for the new champion, but for the heart of the man who wouldn't stay down.

John Phillips: "In a night full of unforgettable moments, Jarvis Valentine's rise may be the most shocking of them all."

Mark Bravo: "He uncovered the truth tonight, John... and it was this — that even giants can fall when destiny comes knocking."

On the ramp, Jarvis Valentine raises the UTA Championship high into the air — the words "Jarvis Valentine: World Champion" flashing on the screen behind him as red, white, and blue confetti begins to fall...

John Phillips: "And with that, WrestleUTA: 25 marches toward its final chapter... the night isn't over just yet!"

Why Amy?

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to the interview area. The usual bright lighting feels muted, the energy hushed. Standing by is Melissa Cartwright, mic in hand, her expression serious. Next to her, Marie Van Claudio leans against the cinderblock wall, still in her ring gear, bruised, battered, and emotionally shattered. Her eyes are red. A single strand of hair clings to her cheek, soaked with sweat and tears.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen... I'm here with Marie Van Claudio. Marie, first — thank you for your time. I know it's been an incredibly emotional night."

Marie doesn't look at the camera. She stares ahead, breathing shallowly, arms crossed tightly over her chest as if holding herself together.

Melissa Cartwright: "You just went through what many are already calling the match of the night — a war with Valkyrie Knox that may go down as one of the most important bouts in WrestleUTA history. And then... Amy Harrison." (She hesitates.) "Can you tell us how you're feeling right now?"

There's a long silence. The hum of backstage activity can be heard faintly in the distance. Marie slowly turns her head to Melissa, eyes glassy with disbelief.

Marie Van Claudio: (barely audible) "Why, Amy...?"

She looks away again, this time toward the floor, blinking rapidly. Her lips tremble slightly as she fights to keep composure.

Marie Van Claudio: (a whisper) "Why...?"

Melissa gently lowers the mic, giving Marie the space she needs. There's no answer tonight. Only silence. Only pain. The camera lingers on the image — the First Lady of UTA standing broken and betrayed on a night that was meant to be her triumph.

25 Years

Segment

? "Hall of Fame" by The Script (feat. will.i.am) begins to play softly ?

A golden "25 YEARS OF WRESTLEUTA" logo fades in over slow footage of an empty arena. The camera slowly pans over the ring, the ropes swaying gently in stillness...

Then —

BOOM! Vintage pyro explodes as the bass kicks in, and the video shifts into overdrive.

? THE UNITED TOUGHNESS ALLIANCE: 25 YEARS OF LEGACY

We see grainy footage of an early 2000s UTA event. The crowds are smaller. The lighting's rough. But the passion? Unmistakable.

Voiceover: "For 25 years... the UTA has stood as the proving ground for the best professional wrestlers in the world."

Clips roll:

The Spectre rising from the fog, his eerie face paint lit by flickering purple light.

Mr. Fantastic showboating on the turnbuckle, arms outstretched to a roaring crowd.

Dark stomping through the curtain with pure rage in his eyes, dragging a steel chair behind him.

Chance Von Crank grinning with a golden tooth, flipping off the camera before delivering the Crankshaft.

Voiceover: "Champions were made. Legends were born. And rivalries... became eternal."

Andy Murray raising the his hands overhead.

Sean Jackson in a blood-soaked robe, his maniacal grin flashing in the spotlight.

Perfection adjusting his cufflinks mid-match, smirking at a downed opponent.

La Flama Blanca hitting the ropes in a flash of speed, launching a crisp springboard dropkick.

Voiceover: "Through eras of dominance... and dark days of doubt... the UTA persisted."

MyNd KrYmE holding a barbed wire bat, screaming toward the heavens as fans chant his name.

Lisil Jackson bouncing on his toes, colorful and defiant, throwing up a peace sign as pyro erupts behind him.

Lance Mingle staring into the camera lens, eyes full of heart, sweat dripping from his forehead.

Voiceover: "From blood feuds to championship glory, from chaos to catharsis — this is where we honor our past... and fight for the future."

Montage ends on a fast-paced highlight reel: finishers, faceoffs, returns, betrayals, and raucous WrestleUTA crowds losing their minds. Logos from past eras flash across the screen — early UTA, Classic UTA, UTA Live, WrestleUTA: Orlando.

Voiceover: "This... is WrestleUTA. And this... is year twenty-five."

? Music hits crescendo. ?

The screen goes black. Then — the red and silver UTA logo pulses back into view with a bold metallic sting.

? WRESTLEUTA: 25 ?

A Quarter Century of Toughness

The fans erupt in cheers. Back to the commentary desk, where we can see a lot of movement as the crew is setting up for the main event.

John Phillips: "A quarter century of blood, sweat, and sacrifice — and it all leads to tonight."

Mark Bravo: "And we still got one more left, Johnny! The main event's about to blow the roof off this place!"

The Great Southern Trendkill

Segment

The screen fades in from black. Static cuts and glitch transitions flicker across the screen. A deep voice speaks over a dark, ambient rumble.

Voiceover: "They said we'd never leave Vegas."

A quick-cut montage flashes across the screen: the Las Vegas Strip glowing under moonlight, the T-Mobile Arena lit in UTA red and silver, a sold-out WrestleUTA: 25 crowd on their feet.

Voiceover: "But now that we've hit the jackpot..."

The screen shatters with a metallic impact. A bold red and silver title slams into frame:

THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL

A guitar riff hits — something gritty and southern rock-inspired. The screen transitions to a dusty road map of the U.S. South. Each location stamps itself onto the screen with a heavy impact:

TEXAS — Rattlesnakes. Rodeo arenas. Lone Star chaos.

OKLAHOMA — Tornado sirens. Oil rigs. Wide skies and wild fights.

ARKANSAS — Swamps. Pine trees. Steel chairs under the stars.

ALABAMA — Red clay. High school gyms turned battlegrounds.

LOUISIANA — Bayou heat. Bourbon Street bloodshed.

GEORGIA — Peach state pride. Atlanta lights and southern might.

Voiceover: "No more casinos. No more neon. Just blood. Sweat. Grit. And glory."

Clips roll of fists flying in barbed wire matches. Ropes straining as bodies collide. A southern dive bar crowd going nuts as a UTA ring lights up their town for the first time in many years.

Voiceover: "The past is honored. The future is earned. And the South... is about to learn what Toughness truly means."

The camera zooms through a cracked leather wrestling boot stomping onto asphalt, and then upward into a slow-motion suplex under flickering floodlights. The music screeches into distortion before cutting out entirely.

? UNITED TOUGHNESS ALLIANCE

Presents

THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL

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The screen fades to black with the sound of crickets, distant engines, and a single wolf howl...

A Dream Come True

Segment

The scene cuts backstage to the interview zone where a buzz of energy still lingers from the chaos in the main event. Standing center frame is Melissa Cartwright, all smiles, mic in hand. Beside her — wearing both the UTA World

Championship over one shoulder and the WrestleUTA: Orlando Florida State Championship around his waist — is none other than Jarvis Valentine.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time — the man who shocked the world at WrestleUTA: 25 — your new UTA Champion... Jarvis Valentine!"

The crowd watching on the arena screen roars in approval. Jarvis beams, still catching his breath, his eyes glinting with disbelief and pride.

Melissa Cartwright: "Jarvis... less than an hour ago, you were celebrating your win in the Ace in the Hole Rumble. Now? You're standing here as the UTA Champion. How do you even begin to process this night?"

Jarvis Valentine: (chuckles) "Melissa... I—I don't even know if it's sunk in yet. This—" (he looks down at the UTA Championship and gives it a slight pat) "—this is a dream come true."

He takes a deep breath, steadying himself, visibly emotional but composed.

Jarvis Valentine: "I've been chasing truth my whole life — chasing the big story, the big break... and tonight, this was it. The Ace in the Hole... I was ready. I knew the opportunity would come eventually. I just didn't expect it would come tonight... and end like this."

Melissa Cartwright: "You cashed in against a man who had just been through absolute war — Brick Bronson. Was that always the plan?"

Jarvis Valentine: "No... no, it wasn't. But when I saw that opening — when I saw Brick barely standing, bloodied, barely breathing... I knew it was now or never. I respect the hell out of him, but I couldn't pass it up. Not after everything. Not after the years I've put in chasing this moment."

He grips the title tighter, nodding slowly.

Jarvis Valentine: "From the Lincoln Journal Star... to this. From asking questions... to answering the call. I'm the UTA Champion. And I'm ready for what comes next."

Melissa Cartwright: "Jarvis, congratulations again. Enjoy this moment."

Jarvis offers a firm handshake, then raises the UTA Championship high above his head as the crowd erupts from inside the T-Mobile Arena. He turns and walks out of frame, still wide-eyed, soaking in the greatest night of his career.

Main Event Preview

Segment

V/O: Two legends, coming out of retirement for one more night of blood and guts violence.

We see The Spectre, followed by Sean Jackson.

V/O: Now that the Hall of Fame plesentries are over.

We see the two from the past.

V/O: There is only one way to celebrate twenty five years, and it has three tiers.

A shot of the unique match set up, ready for the violence they will bring.

V/O: The Spectre. Sean Jackson. One last time. In a Triple Tier Circus of Fun match as your main event of WrestleUTA: 25.

A "versus" promo graphic.

V/O: No one walks out the same as they went in.

WrestleUTA: 25

TRIPLE TIER CIRCUS OF FUN MAIN EVENT

UP NEXT

Sean Jackson vs. The Spectre

Match

The camera slowly pans across the ring — but this is no ordinary ring. Beneath the ropes, the canvas has been stripped away, exposing a grizzly layer of cinder blocks, bricks, and crisscrossed sheets of barbed wire mesh. Twisted metal glints beneath the arena lights. There is no give to the surface, only pain.

The crowd buzzes with a mixture of awe and horror. A heavy, uneasy tension hangs in the air. Every fan in the building knows — this will not be a wrestling match. This will be a war.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen... take a long, hard look. What you're seeing right now is the most dangerous structure ever constructed in WrestleUTA history. This isn't a ring. This isn't a cage. This is the Triple Tier Circus of Fun — and there's not a damn thing fun about it."

The camera cuts upward, tracking the massive scaffolding erected behind the ring. The first tier rises just above the top rope, a wide steel platform loaded with various blunt instruments and unknown horrors.

Above it, the second tier juts out, narrower and darker. We can already make out chairs, chains, and broken glass containers glittering under the spotlights. And then the third — the summit — the peak of insanity. High above the ring, a tight, rusted platform no wider than the others. At the edge: nothing. Just air... and the drop.

Mark Bravo: "I don't know what madman greenlit this, but they should be arrested. That's not a wrestling match waiting to happen — that's a televised felony in progress. We're gonna see two legends try to murder each other tonight."

John Phillips: "And they both signed the dotted line. Sean Jackson. The Spectre. Two Hall of Fame careers. One last ride... ending in blood, steel, and brutality unlike anything we've ever broadcast."

The camera swings back to the entrance ramp as the lights begin to dim. The crowd starts stomping and chanting. The air crackles. It's time.

John Phillips: "There are no pinfalls. No submissions. No referee stoppages. There is only one way to win: throw your opponent from the very top... down to the cinderblock-and-barbed-wire hell below."

Mark Bravo: "I feel sick just saying that."

Spotlights hit the entrance. The time for legacy. The time for closure. The time for war... is now.

The lights in the arena dim to a haunting low glow. A thick fog begins to roll across the stage as the opening drums of "In the Air Tonight" by Phil Collins echo ominously through the PA system. The crowd immediately erupts — a mix of deafening cheers and mounting tension washing over the venue like a rising tide.

John Phillips: "You can feel it, folks... every hair standing on end. That's not just anticipation. That's history about to be made."

At the thirty-five second mark, just as Phil Collins' unmistakable voice murmurs, "I can feel it coming in the air tonight...", a lone figure steps onto the stage.

It's Sean Jackson.

The camera closes in, catching every line etched into his face, every breath he takes. His eyes are locked forward — scanning the battleground. He's clad in black and crimson tights, trimmed with gold. Around his shoulders, a tattered ring jacket, matching the war-worn look in his eyes.

Mark Bravo: "Look at his face, Phillips. That's not a man walking toward a match... that's a man walking into his legacy."

Jackson stands still for a moment, arms by his side. The crowd continues their roar — thousands of phone lights swaying in rhythm like a concert of gladiators. Slowly, he begins his march down the ramp. No posing. No pandering. Just presence.

Each step deliberate. Each breath drawn with purpose. At the foot of the ramp, he stops. He looks up... then all around the arena.

His hands rest on his hips as he scans the WrestleUTA crowd — faces staring back at him, some cheering, some crying, some just silent in reverence. All aware: this could be the last walk Sean Jackson ever takes in a UTA ring.

John Phillips: "What must be going through his mind right now? This match... this structure... it's not just career-ending. It's life-changing."

Sean turns slowly to face the monstrous scaffold — three tiers of torment towering above the ring. He walks toward it. At its base, a long ladder leads to the first platform. Jackson grabs it firmly, then gives it a sturdy shake, testing its weight.

The crowd hushes slightly, hanging on every moment as Sean Jackson places a foot on the bottom rung. Then another. And begins to climb.

Mark Bravo: "Every rung on that ladder is another chapter closed... another page turned in the story of Sean Jackson."

He reaches the first tier and pulls himself up, standing on the steel platform. Weapons scattered around his feet. The arena lights rise just slightly, illuminating the first level of hell.

Jackson walks to the edge, looking down at the cinder block-laced ring. He takes a long breath — then raises one arm slowly. The fans respond with thunderous applause. This is his moment.

As the final haunting notes of "In the Air Tonight" fade, Sean turns his back to the void behind him and faces the entrance ramp. He's ready.

A chilling, haunting melody begins to echo through the arena — the eerie piano opening of Depeche Mode's "Memphisto."

John Phillips: "Oh my... you feel that? That's not music. That's a *presence*."

Fog creeps across the stage as the arena lights shift to cold hues of purple and green, casting long shadows across the structure of the Triple Tier Circus. Fans fall silent as the temperature seemingly drops inside the WrestleZone. A chill runs through the crowd, as if the past itself were manifesting in the present.

At the seventeen-second mark, the electric hum rises — vibrating in sync with something primal. On the giant video screen above the stage, a pair of wide, piercing eyes open. They do not blink. They do not move. Just... watch.

From within the irises, something stirs. Slowly — ominously — two words begin to fade in from the black. Growing larger. Bolder. Until they replace the eyes completely, burning across the screen:

THE SPECTRE

And then — the man himself emerges.

Jeremiah "The Spectre" Woods — the first

Mark Bravo: "That's not a man walking to the ring. That's a *ghost of everything the UTA has ever feared*."

He's draped in a long, floor-length black leather trench coat with jagged purple accents and metallic spikes along each

shoulder. He walks slow. Methodical. Each footstep falling like a tolling bell of reckoning. The air feels tighter. The crowd eerily still. Somewhere in the back rows, a child cries.

The Spectre descends the ramp, and as he reaches ringside, he pauses. Like a spirit sizing up a séance. He reaches up to unfasten his coat — and, with a terrifying stillness, turns toward the front row.

His eyes — crazed and intense — scan the crowd. Then he steps toward a young fan seated at ringside. Without breaking that hypnotic glare, he gently hands them the jacket... and turns back toward the ring without a single word.

John Phillips: "What an eerie moment... That kid will never forget that... and may never sleep again."

The Spectre moves behind the ring, gazing up at the towering scaffold that looms like a twisted monument to pain. He grips the ladder, cold steel in his palm. And he climbs.

With every rung, memories return — memories of violence, of championships, of war. And now, of a final battle.

He reaches the first tier, stepping onto the platform opposite Sean Jackson. The lights rise once more. The music fades to silence.

Two Hall of Famers. Two icons. One final collision.

Mark Bravo: "No more talking. No more speeches. This is it, Phillips. History starts again — right now."

The crowd stands on edge. The arena quiets as a low, mechanical bell DINGS, officially beginning this harrowing war. On the first tier of the scaffold structure — just above the ring of bricks and barbed wire — Sean Jackson and Jeremiah "The Spectre" Woods face one another. Motionless.

John Phillips: "Two legends. Two careers. This is the moment it all comes down to."

Neither man moves. They just stare. Years of pain, respect, betrayal, glory, and blood pass in silence between them. The fans, sensing the weight, murmur in anticipation.

Then—

Suddenly, over the PA system, a burst of generic rock music blares through the speakers. Confused murmurs ripple through the crowd as the giant screen flashes a name in bold white letters:

DEREK PARK

Mark Bravo: "Wait... WHAT?! No way. No. No no no... That can't be..."

The Spectre's body freezes. His head snaps toward the screen, eyes wide in disbelief.

John Phillips: "That name — that ghost — is from a very different chapter in UTA history..."

CRACK! — Sean Jackson launches forward like a viper. A devastating elbow to the jaw drops Woods to one knee. The crowd roars in shock and disapproval.

Mark Bravo: "IT WAS A SETUP! That bastard!"

The music abruptly cuts out. The screen goes black. No one ever appears. Just the echo of betrayal.

Sean wastes no time. A flurry of closed-fist punches to the face of The Spectre stuns him further. Sean grabs Jeremiah by the back of the head and rams him face-first into the cold steel safety railing lining the edge of the tier. Woods slumps against it, dazed.

With blood already beginning to appear from a split just above the eyebrow of The Spectre, Sean shoves him down and grabs a nearby length of chain — one of the scattered weapons lying atop this first platform.

Jackson wraps the chain around his forearm like a predator gearing up for the kill. He paces behind Woods, then drives

the chained elbow directly into the spine.

John Phillips: "Sean Jackson came here with a game plan — and it just paid off. The mind games, the misdirection — all to draw first blood!"

Sean drags Woods by the collar to the center of the tier. He presses a boot against his throat and leans in, sneering down at the man he once called friend... then foe... now rival one last time.

Sean Jackson: "You're not haunting me, Jeremiah. Not anymore."

The crowd boos, some throwing up middle fingers, others torn by the sheer brutality already on display.

Mark Bravo: "This isn't just about winning... this is exorcism."

Sean kneels down and begins grinding the chain across the fresh cut on The Spectre's head. Woods cries out, trying to cover up, but Jackson shows no mercy. The first tier is already painted with the first droplets of blood — and the circus is only beginning.

The barbed-wire-laced cinderblock ring below looms like a steel-toothed grave. But here on the first tier of the scaffold, the battle has already turned grisly.

John Phillips: "Sean Jackson is unloading every ounce of rage and strategy he's carried into this match. That phantom distraction — it gave him the jump, and he's not letting up."

Sean stands over The Spectre, the steel chain still wrapped tight around his forearm, glistening with sweat and blood. With a roar, he charges forward and delivers a stiff knee strike right into Woods' ribs, lifting him off the platform with the impact. Jeremiah gasps and rolls, clutching his side.

Mark Bravo: "I think I heard a rib pop. Jesus."

Sean grabs The Spectre by the purple-dyed hair and yanks him up to his knees — only to slap him hard across the face. The impact echoes across the arena, igniting a wave of boos from the crowd.

Sean Jackson: "You haunted me long enough."

He pulls Woods in and hooks his arms — lifting him high into a textbook double underhook suplex — and SLAMS him down spine-first onto the cold steel of the scaffolding. Woods arches in pain, kicking his legs out.

John Phillips: "The Spectre has taken some hellacious punishment in his day — but this isn't a wrestling ring. This is scaffolding, steel and hate."

Sean stalks over to a pile of weapons stacked against the guardrail — steel rods, fluorescent tubes, road signs. He grabs a thick "ONE WAY" metal sign, holds it up for the crowd to see...

Mark Bravo: "What a metaphor that is. Sean Jackson says this road ends tonight."

WHAM! The sign comes down across Woods' back. WHAM! Again — bent slightly now. WHAM! It folds in half on the third shot. The Spectre screams in pain, trying to crawl toward the edge, blood now dripping from his brow and mixing with sweat and steel shavings.

But somewhere in that darkness... a flicker of defiance returns.

John Phillips: "Hold on — The Spectre's moving... he's... he's fighting back!"

Jeremiah Woods pushes himself up, trembling but alive. As Sean raises what's left of the sign for a final shot—

CRACK! — Woods throws a low punch — straight into the gut. Then another — and another. Sean drops the sign and stumbles backward. Woods lunges to his feet, grabs the chain from earlier — and lashes it across Sean's back!

Mark Bravo: "YES! The ghost of the UTA is back from the grave!"

Another chain lash. Then another. Sean falls to one knee. Woods whips it around his throat and starts to choke him, face twisted in fury — a silent scream echoing in his eyes.

John Phillips: "It's like watching two phantoms from different realms trying to erase one another from history!"

But Sean Jackson shifts his weight, suddenly flipping The Spectre over his shoulder with a snapmare escape. He gasps for air, face turning red. But he doesn't waste the moment — lunging forward with a knee to the jaw that snaps Woods' head back. Then another. Then a third for good measure.

Mark Bravo: "He's making sure The Spectre never gets to the second tier."

Sean spits a bloody wad onto the platform and drags The Spectre by the leg toward the edge of the tier — dangerously close to the railing. He looks up... to the second level... then back down... at the wire-rigged ring of pain below.

Sean Jackson: "Not yet. You don't get out that easy."

He turns and drops a brutal elbow across Woods' sternum, keeping the match squarely in his control as The Spectre struggling to breathe, and Sean standing tall atop the scaffold tier, blood on his hands and revenge in his eyes.

The camera shakes as Sean Jackson looms over The Spectre's body like a shadow cast from hell. Blood runs from both men now — Jackson from the mouth, Woods from the hairline — staining the rusted steel beneath their feet.

John Phillips: "This match is every bit the nightmare we expected. And yet, somehow... I don't think we've seen anything yet."

Mark Bravo: "This is only tier one, John. Just wait until they start climbing — we're talking blunt-force trauma on a vertical axis."

Sean wipes his mouth with the back of his taped wrist, casting a blood-smeared look toward the next ladder — the one rising to the second tier. He breathes hard, steps forward, and grabs one of the rungs.

John Phillips: "There it is. That ladder leads to another level of brutality."

Sean begins his climb. One step. Then another. The structure groans under his weight, but he doesn't stop. The crowd roars with anticipation as Jackson ascends higher, nearing the second platform.

Mark Bravo: "We've got barbed wire and bricks below, but the real violence is about to start above."

Behind him — like something out of a horror movie — The Spectre stirs. Groggy. Grimy. Hurt, but moving.

John Phillips: "No! Look! The Spectre — he's not done! He's crawling toward that ladder!"

Woods wipes blood from his eyes and grips the ladder. One hand. Then the other. He hauls his broken body up, step by painful step, just as Sean Jackson reaches the second tier and pulls himself onto it, glancing back down...

Sean Jackson: "STAY DOWN!"

But The Spectre keeps climbing.

Sean grabs the edge of a steel trash can resting on the second tier. He hurls it downward—

CLANG!! —but The Spectre dodges, catching the railing and holding on by one arm. He swings back onto the ladder and continues upward.

Mark Bravo: "That man is unkillable!"

Woods pulls himself onto the second tier at last — barely able to stand. Sean greets him with a heavy boot to the midsection, dropping him immediately. Then he grabs a kendo stick and cracks it over Woods' back.

WHACK!

WHACK!

The cane splinters. Sean throws it aside, furious that Woods is still even moving.

John Phillips: "This isn't just about winning. This is about legacy. Domination. And both these legends are willing to die for it."

Sean walks across the second tier now, taking inventory. There's a bundle of fluorescent light tubes taped together. A rake wrapped in barbed wire. A folding chair covered in thumbtacks. His eyes settle on a cricket bat with nails hammered through it.

Mark Bravo: "What carnival of nightmares built this weapon stash?"

Sean lifts the bat with both hands, testing its weight. Turns around—

—but The Spectre is already up! CRACK! Chair to the gut! Then to the back! Sean stumbles into the far railing of the platform. Woods lifts the chair high—

John Phillips: "We're getting payback, people!"

WHAM! A final shot to the head! Sean crumples to the steel. Woods drops the chair, panting, kneeling beside his rival.

Mark Bravo: "This isn't a wrestling match anymore — this is ritual combat. This is vengeance made flesh."

Woods crawls to the edge of the platform and looks up — one final ladder remains. One final climb. High above the ring. High above the carnage. A fall from there... would be career-ending. Life-threatening.

John Phillips: "The third tier awaits. And that's where legends go to die."

Sean Jackson wipes sweat and blood from his eyes as he pulls himself back to his feet, cricket bat still in hand. The steel platform beneath him is smeared in crimson. The second tier of the Circus of Fun match lives up to its name — if your idea of fun is slow, surgical violence.

John Phillips: "I can't believe The Spectre is still standing after those shots, but Sean Jackson — he's got murder in his eyes tonight."

Sean stalks forward. The Spectre uses the ropes as leverage to stand, dazed. Jackson swings the nail-lined bat—

THWACK!!

It rips across The Spectre's back. Blood instantly surfaces. Woods lets out a guttural groan and drops to his knees.

Mark Bravo: "Good God! That wasn't a wrestling move, John — that was a death sentence delivered with a Louisville Slugger from hell."

Jackson tosses the bat aside and rips a nearby garbage can lid from the floor. He raises it high above his head and—

CLANG!!

—smashes it down across Spectre's skull.

CLANG!! Again.

John Phillips: "He's not just trying to win. He's trying to erase Jeremiah Woods from UTA history!"

Sean turns to the crowd and raises the dented lid over his head, soaking in a chorus of boos and gasps. He drinks it in — he lives for it.

Sean Jackson: "IS THIS YOUR HERO?!"

But behind him — The Spectre moves.

Mark Bravo: "He's not done yet! THE DEAD DON'T DIE, JOHN!"

Woods stumbles to his feet, crimson now fully streaking down the left side of his face. He grabs the barbed-wire rake from the corner of the second tier. As Sean turns around—

SWIPE!! —the rake scrapes across Sean's chest!

John Phillips: "OH MY—he just raked it across Jackson's body like he was tilling a field of flesh!"

Sean drops the trash can lid and grabs at his chest, roaring in pain. Woods doesn't stop — he charges forward, planting a forearm smash into Sean's jaw. Then another. Then a spinning back elbow that knocks Sean into the railing!

Mark Bravo: "The Spectre's unloading the whole haunted arsenal now!"

Jeremiah lifts Sean onto the railing — the edge of the second tier! Fans rise to their feet, sensing catastrophe.

John Phillips: "NO WAY! He's thinking about sending him off right here!"

Woods lines up a clothesline — charges —

—but Sean ducks under it! He lifts Woods up and slams him with a desperate belly-to-back suplex onto the steel floor!

THUD!!!

Mark Bravo: "HE COUNTERED! SEAN JACKSON COUNTERED!"

Woods curls up, clutching his back. Sean crawls to the pile of debris and grabs... the chair covered in thumbtacks.

John Phillips: "That's a torture device! That's not a chair!"

Sean limps toward Woods and jabs the edge of the chair into his ribs — then unfolds it and plants Spectre's head onto it with a DDT!

CRUNCH!!

Tacks embed into flesh. Sean sits up, his arms trembling. He looks down at The Spectre, bloodied and twitching — and he laughs.

Sean Jackson: "Your ghost stories don't scare me anymore, Woods."

Mark Bravo: "This is sadism! This is war! And Sean Jackson is still in control."

Sean stares upward now — toward the third tier. The final level. The end of this hell ride.

John Phillips: "Only one level remains. Only one more ladder. And at the top? Glory... or oblivion."

Sean Jackson steadies himself on shaky legs. He wipes blood from his mouth with the back of his hand and looks up. The final ladder. The third tier. One more climb to victory. He smirks, limping toward the far end of the second tier where the ladder waits.

John Phillips: "Sean Jackson has dominated this war... and now he's about to finish it!"

He places a foot on the bottom rung —

? Generic music suddenly hits over the PA!

Sean freezes mid-step. The crowd collectively gasps — and then erupts.

Mark Bravo: "Wait a second... WHAT?! That's—THAT'S BRAD BATEE!"

The camera whips to the entrance ramp. Sure enough, out walks the legendary promoter and former BACW/NeWA boss **Brad Batee**, suited, gray-haired, but unmistakably Brad. He casually strolls onto the stage like he never left, mic in hand.

Brad Batee (off-mic): "What goes around... comes around."

John Phillips: "It was Jackson who used Park's old music to distract The Spectre earlier... and now it's come full circle!"

Sean stares up the ramp in disbelief, eyes wide. His hands raise slightly, as if questioning reality itself.

Sean Jackson: "YOU?! YOU'RE STILL ALIVE?!"

Mark Bravo: "He is! And Sean Jackson is SHOOK!"

Behind him, The Spectre stirs. Bloodied. Groggy. But very much alive. He rises like a horror villain behind Jackson, face painted with blood and fury.

John Phillips: "Sean has no idea... the boogeyman just stood up!"

As Brad Batee smirks and raises a hand in a quiet salute, The Spectre charges — and blasts Sean in the back of the head with a steel tray!

CLANG!!

Jackson collapses face-first into the steel platform. The crowd explodes with cheers.

Mark Bravo: "The receipt has been delivered!"

Jeremiah doesn't let up. He grabs Jackson by the scalp, dragging him toward the edge of the second tier, ramming his head repeatedly into the cold steel. Then he yanks a kendo stick wrapped in barbed wire from the floor — and rakes it across Jackson's spine!

Sean Jackson: "AAAAAGHHH!!!"

The Spectre then lifts Sean by the waist and powerslams him directly onto the twisted mess of a cheese grater someone left behind.

John Phillips: "Turnabout is fair play! This is Spectre's house now!"

Jackson flails in agony, rolling onto his side. Spectre — limping, bloody, vengeful — kneels beside him and drives forearms into Sean's skull again and again.

Mark Bravo: "And remember, this is still just the second tier!"

On the ramp, Brad Batee gives one final nod before turning and walking backstage, his message delivered, his legacy extended.

John Phillips: "This war has gone from blood to ghosts to karma. The Spectre is back in control, and Sean Jackson may never recover."

The crowd is absolutely unhinged as The Spectre stands tall above a broken Sean Jackson on the second tier. Blood streaks down his face, sweat dripping from his matted hair, but his eyes burn with the same chilling intensity that made him a legend. Slowly, deliberately, he stalks Jackson across the platform.

John Phillips: "We are deep in the second tier now, and The Spectre has absolutely flipped the momentum. Sean Jackson might not even know where he is!"

Jackson tries to crawl away, reaching toward the third-tier ladder in desperation — but The Spectre grabs him by the ankle and yanks him back.

Mark Bravo: "He's not going anywhere. Jeremiah Woods is in full control."

Spectre grabs a fluorescent light tube off the floor and shatters it across Jackson's back, the glass exploding in a cloud of phosphor dust and agony.

Sean Jackson: "AAAGHH!!"

John Phillips: "That might've cracked ribs!"

Dragging Sean up by his neck, The Spectre walks him toward the edge of the second tier — a steel guard railing the only thing separating them from the harrowing drop to the first. The crowd surges to its feet, sensing danger.

Mark Bravo: "Wait... no. No, Spectre — that's not how this match ends! He's gotta throw him off from the third tier!"

Spectre presses Sean against the railing, eyes wild, chest heaving. Blood drips from both men. He rears back and begins clubbing Sean with elbow shots to the jaw — once, twice, three times!

John Phillips: "That scaffolding is shaking! This structure wasn't built for this kind of trauma!"

Sean teeters. His arms flail, trying to grab anything. Spectre leans close, snarling directly into his opponent's ear.

The Spectre (yelling): "YOU DON'T GET TO LEAVE WITHOUT FEELING WHAT YOU DID TO ME!"

With a primal roar, Spectre lifts Sean Jackson up and over the guard rail — and lets go!

Mark Bravo: "OH MY GOD!!!"

Jackson crashes down from the second tier in a violent free fall, slamming back-first onto the first-tier steel platform with a bone-shattering thud. The entire scaffolding quakes under the impact.

John Phillips: "HE JUST TOSSED HIM FROM THE SECOND TIER!!"

Mark Bravo: "THAT WASN'T EVEN LEGAL YET!!!"

Jackson lies motionless, his limbs splayed, blood leaking onto the steel beneath him. A mix of horror and awe spreads through the crowd, some holding their heads, others roaring in shock.

John Phillips: "He didn't care about the rules... The Spectre just wanted pain."

Spectre stands at the railing, staring down at the wreckage he created. He doesn't smile. He doesn't speak. He just breathes... hard. Watching Sean Jackson writhe below like discarded meat.

Mark Bravo: "I don't know if Jackson's going to be able to climb at all... That might've ended more than the match."

The audience watches in stunned silence as The Spectre begins his descent down the scaffolding. No music. No pyro. Just the steady clang of his boots on steel as he drops from the second tier to the first, then climbs down to ringside where Sean Jackson lies in a mangled heap.

John Phillips: "I don't even think this is about victory anymore. This is about retribution."

Mark Bravo: "And Spectre's got receipts dating back twenty years."

Jackson starts to stir. Blood streaks his forehead, and every movement sends pain signals through his broken body. But before he can crawl away, The Spectre is on him like a horror movie monster, dragging him up by the roots of his hair.

The Spectre (screaming): "YOU. DON'T. GET. TO. LEAVE."

With each word, he slams Sean's head into the side of the railing — once... twice... three times... four — until Jackson goes limp, blood pouring freely from his scalp.

John Phillips: "He's trying to erase Sean Jackson's entire career with that railing!"

But Spectre's not done. He drags Jackson like a ragdoll around the corner of the scaffolding, then whips him with all his strength — sending Sean crashing shoulder-first into the side of the steel steps leading to the ring.

Mark Bravo: "My God, Jackson's not even moving now!"

Standing over the broken legend, The Spectre breathes hard. He looks up — all the way to the top tier. The camera follows his gaze, showing the dizzying height looming over the ring.

John Phillips: "We need to remember — this isn't Falls Count Anywhere. This isn't Last Man Standing. The only way to win is to throw your opponent from that third tier down to the death pit inside the ring!"

Spectre grabs Jackson again, rolling him over with his boot. Jackson groans, barely conscious. The crowd is torn between concern and awe. And still, Spectre bends down... lifts Jackson back up... and chucks him over the barricade into the front row!

Mark Bravo: "He's not just beating Sean — he's exorcising demons."

With methodical steps, The Spectre climbs over the guard rail and into the crowd after him. Fans scatter, unsure whether they're witnessing a wrestling match or an unhinged act of vengeance. Jackson's body slumps over a fallen chair, his hand clutching his ribs as he coughs up blood.

John Phillips: "The further he throws Jackson from that scaffold... the longer it's going to take to finish this. But Spectre doesn't care."

Spectre grabs a beverage cup from a fan and splashes it across Jackson's face to wake him up. Then he pulls him to his feet, only to slam him spine-first onto the concrete floor with a sickening echo that silences the arena again.

Mark Bravo: "You know what's terrifying, John? We're not even on the top level yet."

Sean Jackson lies in a mangled heap near the barricade, his chest heaving in painful bursts. Blood drips from his mouth as he struggles to sit up.

John Phillips: "Sean Jackson may be seriously hurt, and I don't think The Spectre is even close to finished."

Mark Bravo: "No... no, he's not. Oh no. He's doing the thing. He's doing the whistle."

Standing over his long-time rival, The Spectre cups both hands to his mouth, eyes wide and wild. The crowd falls into a curious hush.

The Spectre (with a shrill shriek): "FWEEEEEEET!!"

Two high-pitched pinky whistles ring out through the arena.

Mark Bravo: "Oh no. No no no. NOT JOHNNY."

From the entrance tunnel — like something out of a fever dream — a hyena bolts into the arena at full speed. Its coat is patchy, its laugh unmistakable. On its collar, clear as day, reads a metal tag: "Johnny".

John Phillips: "IT'S JOHNNY THE HYENA! HE'S BACK! WHY IS HE BACK?!"

Mark Bravo: "The Spectre never goes anywhere without his best friend — but I didn't think we were getting zoo warfare tonight!"

Johnny yips and snarls as he races down the ramp, bounding past the ring and scaffolding. The crowd parts as he leaps the barricade like a predator in the wild.

John Phillips: "You can't bring a wild animal to a wrestling match!! This has to be... this has to be illegal!"

Jackson sees the creature approaching and desperately tries to pull himself back to his feet, fingers clawing at the barricade to hoist himself up. But just as he gets to one knee—

THWACK!

The Spectre boots him in the side of the head, sending him sprawling back down to the concrete. Jackson groans in agony, blood trailing from his mouth to the floor.

The Spectre (to Johnny): "DINNERTIME."

Johnny pounces forward, licking his jagged teeth. Spectre stomps on Jackson's hand once... twice... driving his boot into Jackson's fingers as he tries to crawl away.

Mark Bravo: "He's mangling his hands! Jackson needs those hands to climb!"

Another stomp — this one straight to the pinky — causes Jackson to scream in anguish. Spectre grins down, crouching beside him.

The Spectre: "You wanted a circus... now you're in the lion's den."

As Jackson writhes, Johnny moves closer, sniffing and snorting near Sean's face. Spectre gives one last kick to Jackson's jaw, knocking him flat once again. Johnny starts circling him, that bone-chilling hyena cackle echoing across the floor.

John Phillips: "This is getting out of hand. Officials need to do something — we have a wild animal involved!"

Mark Bravo: "Spectre just brought an apex predator to a hardcore match. This is the most insane thing I've ever seen."

Johnny steps over Jackson, panting over his face. Sean barely stirs, but the damage has been done. Hands crushed. Vision blurred. Escape denied.

The eerie laughter of Johnny the Hyena still echoes faintly as the animal paces near Sean Jackson's battered body. But The Spectre, eyes burning with a frenzied calm, crouches down beside the beast and strokes its patchy fur.

The Spectre: "Who's a good boy, huh? Who's daddy's little monster..."

Johnny lets out a sharp yip and licks at The Spectre's hand, a grotesque image against the blood on his fingers. The Spectre smirks, then gently pats Johnny on the head.

The Spectre: "You did real good. Now let the old man finish his work."

He grips Johnny's worn collar and begins to lead him away from ringside. The hyena resists at first — clearly enjoying his role in the carnage — but Spectre tugs him with authority up the ramp. Just as they reach the halfway point, a panicked-looking stagehand comes sprinting from behind the curtain, fumbling with a leash in hand.

John Phillips: "Finally, someone's putting that animal on a leash!"

Mark Bravo: "You'd think with everything else going on tonight, 'Hyena Control' would've been part of the run sheet."

The stagehand kneels and quickly clips the leash to Johnny's collar, giving The Spectre a nod before beginning to carefully lead the animal backstage. Spectre watches them for a moment... then turns his head slowly.

The camera cuts —

Back at ringside, Sean Jackson is alive.

Not well. Not even remotely okay. But moving.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute... Sean Jackson is—he's not done! He's not done!!"

Jackson's hand, mangled and trembling, claws into the edge of the barricade. His other elbow drags against the concrete as he begins crawling like a wounded animal toward the scaffolding. Blood trails behind him, mixed with sweat and dust, as he pulls himself forward inch by agonizing inch.

Mark Bravo: "He's doing it with broken fingers. That's not toughness, that's pure madness."

Every movement is a struggle. His knee buckles underneath him. He collapses, then groans as he fights through the pain to move again. His vision blurry. His breath ragged. But his eyes... focused.

The bottom ladder of the scaffolding is just a few feet away now.

John Phillips: "That man is crawling toward the devil's playground. Toward a tier designed for carnage. And he's doing it... alone."

Back on the ramp, The Spectre begins to turn and stalk his way back toward the ring area, the thunder of his boots matching the building murmur of the crowd.

Mark Bravo: "This ain't over. Not by a long shot."

Back at the base of the scaffolding, Sean Jackson finally reaches the ladder leading up to the first tier. His hand trembles as it clasps the bottom rung, fingers curling awkwardly from the damage. Blood drips from his forehead and lips, leaving dark red streaks along the steel frame.

John Phillips: "He's got no business trying to climb. He's hurt. He's half-conscious. But damn it, he's trying."

Mark Bravo: "Trying? He's doing more than trying, Phillips. That's a Hall of Famer with everything left to lose. This ain't pride—this is legacy."

Jackson pulls himself up a rung... then another. Each motion is labored, his legs sluggish and uncertain. His torso sways as he reaches the halfway point, the ladder creaking beneath his weight and exhaustion.

John Phillips: "You can see it in his face... he's trying to will himself back into this thing. He knows Spectre's coming, and if he doesn't get some distance—"

A roar erupts from the crowd.

Behind him, The Spectre has returned.

Like a phantom pulled from the void, The Spectre walks with surgical precision. No wasted motion. His face, smeared with sweat and facepaint, is painted with a twisted sneer. He looks up at Jackson slowly climbing the ladder... and begins to follow.

Mark Bravo: "He's not running. He's not rushing. This is the slow walk of death."

Spectre grabs the lower rungs and begins to climb with more fluidity than a man his age should possess. As he ascends, the camera captures Sean reaching the first tier platform and awkwardly rolling over the edge, gasping for air.

John Phillips: "Jackson's back where it all began. But now the demon is right behind him."

The moment Sean tries to stand—

THWACK!

A stiff forearm to the back of the head knocks him to a knee. The crowd gasps. Spectre is on him like a vulture, dragging him to his feet only to drive a knee straight into his ribs, doubling him over.

He rips Sean's head back by the hair and looks into his eyes.

The Spectre: "You should've stayed down."

WHAM! Another knee. Then a clubbing elbow to the back. Then a spinning back fist that rocks Sean into the side railing of the first tier.

Mark Bravo: "The ghost of UTA's past is trying to erase its future!"

Jackson tries to swing back — a wild, desperate right — but The Spectre sidesteps it, counters with a short jab to the

throat, and follows with a headbutt that echoes through the scaffolding.

Sean collapses again, barely conscious.

John Phillips: "This was Sean's moment... and now it's slipping away!"

The Spectre crouches next to Jackson, breathing heavily, that same wild gleam in his eye. He reaches down and grabs Sean by the throat — not to choke, but to hold him steady — and speaks so only the cameras can hear.

The Spectre: "We finish this at the top."

And with that, he begins to drag Sean toward the next ladder... toward the third and final tier... where only one man will survive the fall.

The Spectre drags Sean Jackson toward the second ladder, but just as he pulls him upright—

CRACK!

Sean lunges up with a sudden uppercut—catching Spectre under the chin with everything he has left. The crowd erupts in shock as Spectre staggers backward, nearly tripping over a loose steel pipe that clatters against the platform.

John Phillips: "Where did that come from?! Jackson just woke up from the grave!"

Mark Bravo: "That's instinct, Phillips. That's pure survival mode."

Jackson grabs a nearby trash can—one of many cruel trinkets scattered across the tiers—and hurls it at Spectre. It hits him square in the chest, sending him sprawling into the side railing. Jackson's on him in an instant, raining down desperate fists, each one raw and reckless.

Spectre covers up, trying to shield himself, but Jackson grabs a steel rod and drives it across the back of his rival. The sound is sickening. Then another shot. And another.

Sean Jackson: "You want to finish this?! LET'S FINISH IT!"

John Phillips: "We've seen Sean Jackson win titles, headline shows... but I don't think we've ever seen him this violent."

Sean backs off, hands on his knees, panting. But as he stumbles toward the ladder to the third tier...

...Spectre sits up.

Mark Bravo: "Oh God—he's not done! HE'S NOT DONE!"

Spectre peels himself from the floor and stalks behind Sean. Just as Jackson reaches the base of the ladder, Spectre grabs him by the trunks and yanks him backwards into a vicious release German suplex that sends Sean crashing shoulder-first into the steel grating.

Both men are now lying on the first tier again, breathing heavily, sweat and blood mixing on the metal beneath them.

John Phillips: "Every time one of these legends pulls ahead... the other one won't stay down."

The Spectre crawls toward the ladder now, pausing only to grab a jagged pipe wrench for good measure. He climbs a few steps...

But Sean Jackson is back on his feet.

He runs. Limp. Leaps up a rung and grabs Spectre by the ankle. Spectre kicks, but Jackson clings on—and then rips him down with a jarring crash onto the first tier floor again.

Mark Bravo: "They'll kill each other before either makes it to the top."

Sean stumbles, grabbing the ladder again, one hand on his ribs, the other reaching for destiny.

John Phillips: "They've got one tier left to go. Just one more climb. But who's got anything left to give?"

The air hangs heavy with the scent of blood and sweat as Sean Jackson clutches the side of the ladder, pulling himself—inch by painful inch—back up to the second tier. Every rung creaks beneath his weight, but his grip doesn't falter. Behind him, The Spectre is stirring, eyes wild, lips pulled into a sneer of grim determination.

John Phillips: "They're back on that second level... and folks, if you thought the first was hell, this one's a damn war zone."

Mark Bravo: "Look at this insanity, John—steel chairs, lead pipes, even a rusty shopping cart. Who brought a shopping cart?!"

Jackson rolls onto the platform and immediately grabs a nearby chain. He wraps it around his forearm like a man preparing for a street fight—just as Spectre crawls over the edge. The two lock eyes. No words. Just history... and hate.

CRACK! The chain wraps around Spectre's midsection as Jackson whips it violently. Spectre howls, doubling over, and Jackson follows it up with a hard right hook wrapped in steel. Blood spatters the camera lens as the blow lands flush on Spectre's jaw.

John Phillips: "Sean Jackson is unhinged! That chain is like an extension of his own will right now!"

But Spectre doesn't fall. No—he takes it. Absorbs it. And in one burst of rage, lunges forward, tackling Jackson into a heap of garbage cans and folding chairs.

Mark Bravo: "OH! Like a horror movie slasher—he just woke up!"

Spectre claws at Jackson's face, trying to tear the chain from his arm. Jackson counters with a rake to the eyes, buying just enough space to grab a dented street sign and blast Spectre across the forehead. The sound is sickening—metal on skull.

Spectre drops to a knee... but doesn't fall. Instead, he laughs.

The Spectre: "You hit like a man who's already lost."

Jackson's eyes widen—but Spectre surges to his feet and grabs a fluorescent light tube from the corner of the tier. With a primal scream, he shatters it over Sean's head, the glass exploding into glittering shrapnel.

John Phillips: "GOOD GOD! HE BROKE A LIGHT TUBE OVER HIS HEAD!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not wrestling. That's vengeance."

Jackson slumps against the scaffolding wall, blinking through blood. Spectre doesn't let up—he grabs a staple gun and staples Sean's jacket to the platform, pinning him in place momentarily as he drives in a second shot into his chest.

Sean Jackson: "AAAHHHHHH!"

John Phillips: "No referee in the world would sanction this. But no referee in the world could stop it, either."

Sean rips himself free, tearing the cloth as he stumbles away from the madness. Spectre rises like a phantom, wielding the broken sign like a war banner, stalking his nemesis.

Mark Bravo: "This second tier is a nightmare. And they still have to climb to the top..."

Blood drips from their brows. Their breathing is ragged. Around them, the second tier of the scaffolding looks like a war zone—shards of glass, bent steel, and cracked concrete strewn across the platform like discarded memories.

John Phillips: "Neither man should be on their feet right now, let alone climbing to the top of this monstrosity."

Mark Bravo: "You know what that third tier is, John? It's not just the top of the Circus of Fun. It's the edge of sanity."

Spectre wipes the blood from his eyes, grabbing onto the final vertical ladder that leads up. The third tier looms above — smaller, thinner, barely wide enough for two grown men to stand comfortably. The rusted railing looks ready to give out from a strong breeze. And that's where they have to go.

But as Spectre makes his move, Sean Jackson lunges and grabs the heel of his boot, yanking him back into a thudding clothesline that nearly flips him inside out.

Sean Jackson: "You want the top, Spectre? You're gonna have to die for it."

Jackson grabs a lead pipe and swings wildly. Spectre ducks, tackles him into a pile of trash bins, and both men collapse into the mess. A beat. Then movement. Jackson throws a desperate punch. Spectre headbutts him in reply. The sound of skull meeting skull echoes through the arena.

John Phillips: "My God, they're still going!"

Somehow, both men begin to rise. Grabbing nearby scaffolding pipes, they use them to steady themselves. The crowd is roaring, stomping their feet, phones in the air.

CLANK. CLANK. CLANK.

One after the other, they begin climbing the vertical ladder to the top. Sean first, just a step ahead. Spectre follows, clutching his side, blood pouring from his scalp.

Mark Bravo: "No ropes. No padding. Just rust, pain, and gravity waiting to make its decision."

The camera cuts to the very top of the scaffold—the third tier. It's tight, no more than ten feet wide in any direction. Weapons are sparse, but ominous: a cracked mirror, a length of chain, and a single wooden board with nails sticking through it. The platform itself trembles as Sean Jackson reaches the top.

He steadies himself, crouching low, waiting. A moment later, The Spectre crests the edge. He swings his arm over the rail and pulls himself up. They lock eyes. The crowd goes absolutely ballistic.

John Phillips: "This is it. The final level. No more distractions. No more memories. No more favors owed."

Mark Bravo: "The only way this ends... is with one of them falling."

The rusted railings groan as both men rise fully upright. The air is thinner up here. Not just physically — emotionally. Every eye in the arena is locked on this moment. Every cheer is caught in a breath.

John Phillips: "They've reached the end of the line."

High above the ring, the third tier of the scaffolding trembles like a house of cards in a storm. Sean Jackson and Jeremiah "The Spectre" Woods are locked in a vicious, final struggle. Their blood stains the metal. Their legacy hangs in the balance.

John Phillips: "This is it, folks. No ropes. No second chances. The only way down... is through hell."

Mark Bravo: "And the only way to win is to send the other man plummeting to his fate. My palms are sweating, John."

Sean Jackson drives a hard elbow into Spectre's jaw. Spectre reels. Sean presses the advantage, rushing him backward toward the rust-covered railing.

Sean Jackson: "You don't belong here anymore!"

But Spectre suddenly counters—he spins, hooks Jackson's arm, and reverses their positions in a flash of adrenaline and rage. Now Sean is the one pressed against the railing.

John Phillips: "TURNABOUT! Spectre's got him on the edge!"

Their hands grapple. Their bodies strain. Sweat and blood drip onto the tier below. Spectre snarls, and Sean grits his teeth, pushing back. The crowd is at a fever pitch.

Then—

CRRRRAAAACK!

The ancient, rusted railing SNAPS from the combined force of the two legends. Time slows.

Mark Bravo: "OH MY GOD!"

Both men tumble over the edge, locked together in a violent embrace.

John Phillips: "NO! THEY'RE BOTH GOING—"

The scaffolding groans and bends beneath their weight as gravity takes hold. With arms entangled and screams lost in the wind, Sean Jackson and The Spectre crash downward—thirty feet of air between them and destruction.

Mark Bravo: "THIS IS SUICIDE!"

In a bone-jarring EXPLOSION of impact, the two legends SMASH through the barbed wire mesh strung over cinder blocks and jagged bricks below. The ring becomes a war zone—blocks shatter, bricks fly, and the barbed wire tears through flesh like razor-sharp teeth.

CRRRRRAAAAASSSHHHHHHHH!!!!

The arena is plunged into stunned silence.

Both bodies sprawl in agony, tangled in wire and debris. Sean Jackson's back is arched unnaturally over a cracked cinderblock, blood pooling beneath his shoulders. Spectre's arm is wrapped grotesquely in the barbed mesh, crimson painting his chest as he writhes in pain.

John Phillips: "My god... they might be... they might be dead."

Mark Bravo: "I can't watch this. This isn't a match anymore—this is carnage. This is human wreckage."

The camera slowly pans in, lingering on their broken, twitching forms. Sean tries to roll to his side, letting out a guttural scream before collapsing again. Spectre is moaning weakly, eyes open but vacant, face twisted in both defiance and horror.

Medical staff rush the ring. Referees leap into action. The timekeeper looks around in hesitation, not even sure if the match is over. EMTs rip open duffel bags, stretchers are wheeled down the ramp in a blur of chaos.

John Phillips: "Neither man is moving. Neither man is okay. This... this might be the end for both of them."

Mark Bravo: "Somebody... somebody better do something."

Still, the camera returns to the wreckage. Two legends. Two warriors. One shared fall into oblivion.

EMTs flood the ring. Officials climb in over the ropes. It's chaos as both Sean Jackson and The Spectre lay amid the barbed wire, bricks, and shattered cinder blocks. Every breath they take looks like it costs them years of life.

John Phillips: "We knew it was going to be brutal... but this? This is beyond what anyone imagined."

Medics carefully approach both men, gingerly tugging the barbed wire mesh off their bodies. A particularly nasty strand is embedded deep in Spectre's shoulder—as it's slowly pulled free, he howls in agony, teeth clenched, veins bulging in his neck.

Mark Bravo: "That's inhuman pain... look at that! That barb was inside his skin!"

Another EMT works a pair of heavy-duty shears, cutting away a section of the mesh tangled around Sean's knee.

Jackson grits his teeth, grabbing at a medic's arm before shoving them away weakly. Spectre does the same, batting away the hands trying to place a neck brace on him.

John Phillips: "They're refusing help... What are they doing?"

Slowly, defiantly, both legends rise. Bloodied, limping, bruised beyond belief... yet they move. They stumble. They drag themselves across the canvas, which is now soaked in blood and sweat.

The crowd rises with them.

Mark Bravo: "This crowd is on their feet... I don't know if they're clapping out of respect or begging these two to stop."

The ring is in shambles. Debris still litters the mat as the two Hall of Famers meet dead center—wobbling, barely upright. Their faces twitch with pain, and for a moment... the tension builds again. It looks like they might still want to fight.

John Phillips: "These two... they're still standing after all that. Still locked in this war."

The camera zooms in. Sean Jackson mumbles something through cracked lips. Spectre responds with a crooked smile and a raspy word of his own. It's inaudible—but the moment is palpable.

Then... Jackson steps forward and embraces him.

Spectre doesn't hesitate. His arm wraps around Jackson's shoulders. The two collapse into each other, barely upright, leaning on one another for strength in a moment of raw, guttural emotion.

Mark Bravo: "Damn it... that's what this is about. That's what this business is built on."

The crowd erupts—a standing ovation rolling through the building like thunder. Phone lights illuminate the arena. Chants begin to rise:

CROWD: "THANK YOU SEAN! THANK YOU SPECTRE!"

Medics back off. There's no stretcher ride. There's no winner. Just two icons... sharing the ring one last time.

John Phillips: "What a moment. What a memory. And what a way... to close this chapter. What a way to cap off twenty-five years, here, at WrestleUTA: Twenty-five."

The camera slowly pans out as Sean and Spectre drop to their knees together, exhausted, battered... but unified.

Fade to black.

Conclusion

Card Subject to Change.

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